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PEOPLE AND PLACES
HERE AND THERE

VOL. 1.

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OF
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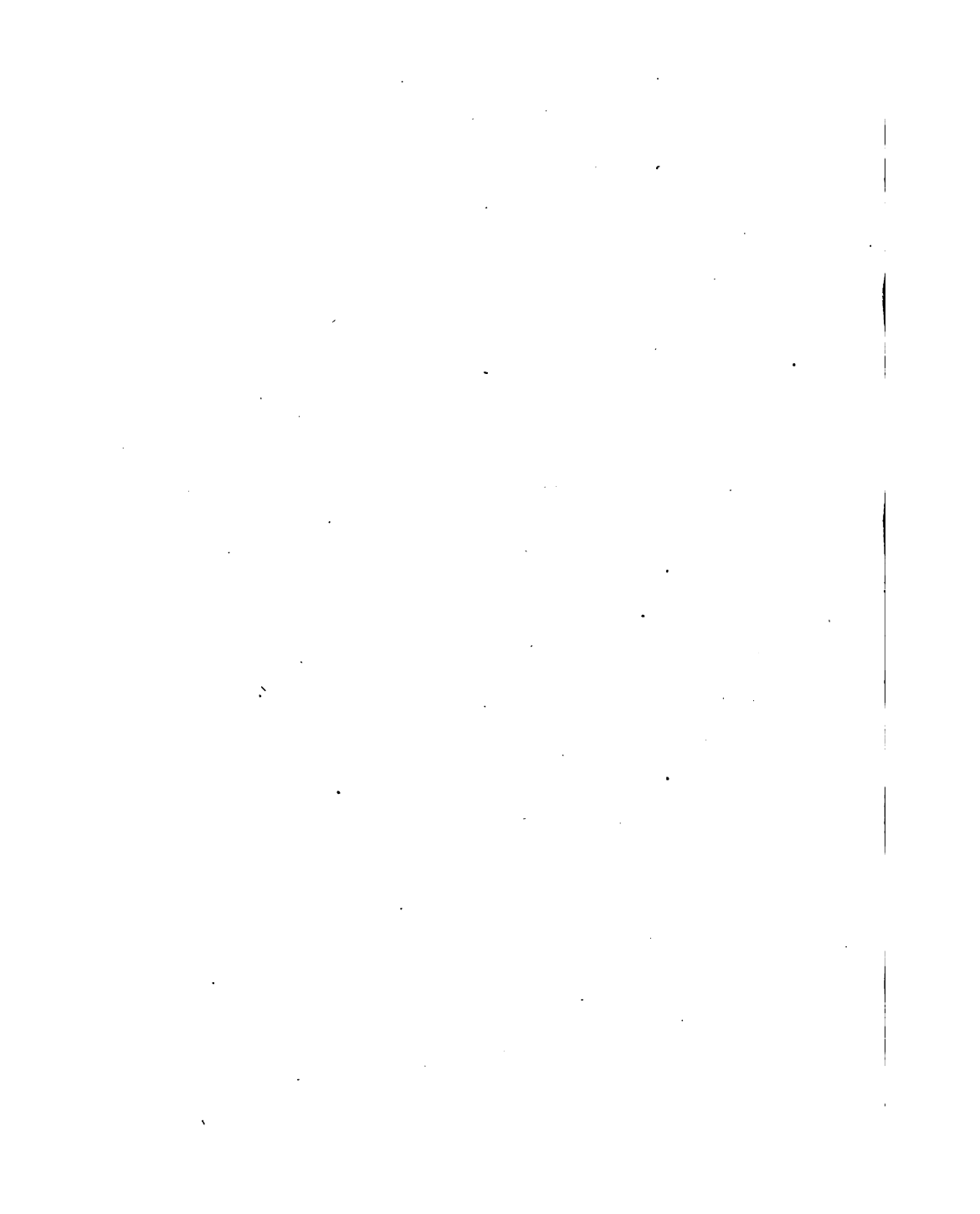


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PEOPLE ^{AND} PLACES

HERE AND THERE.

VOLUME I.

AUSTRALASIA

BY MARA L. PRATT

Author of "American History Stories," "Young Folk's Library of American History,"—Etc.

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TOWN HALL SYDNEY.

PEOPLE AND PLACES HERE AND THERE.

AUSTRALASIA.

SYDNEY AND NEWCASTLE.

If you and I were really traveling by rail and by steam, we should need, unless we were millionaires, to be a little more direct in our routes. But as it is, it doesn't much matter; and so we may as well zig-zag down to that great island of Australia, thence to the Fijis, thence to the Sandwich Isles, taking in on our way a flying visit to New Zealand.

And now, as we cross the equator—first of all, let us turn our attention towards the skies and the stars. These, no matter where you have ever



THE SOUTHERN SKY.

The dotted lines between the four stars at the right mark the Southern Cross.

been in your lifetime, at home, far away in the broad fields of the country, high up on the mountain top, far out upon the ocean wave—these, the sky and the stars, have always been the same.

Were you ever far away from home, and O, so homesick? And did you then look up at the stars and the moon and find some comfort in thinking that they, at any rate, looked just the same, and that, perhaps the dear ones at home were looking at them too? A sorry kind of comfort, but a comfort, all the same—if you are *real* homesick.

But you must not, I beg you, you must not become homesick here in Australia. For if you do, you will find the comfort of the stars even is taken from you. There are stars, to be sure, and they twinkle and sparkle; but they are not the same stars, and not one of those old familiar constellations will you find, search as long as you will.

Look up and see if it is not so! Where are the Great Dipper, the Little Dipper, Cepheus, Cas-

siopeia? Not one of them in view! But in their place a great, shining cross — The Southern Cross, as it is called.

And the other groups of stars,—how unfamiliar they all are. Surely we might think we were on another earth, did we not know that in our traveling we have gone down, far down over the curve made by the earth's ever-bending surface — beyond the equator — beyond the horizon that all our life has seemed to compass us.

But the cities, and the people,—shall we find them as different? O, no! especially here in Australia, we shall find so many Americans and English, with their American and English customs, that we shall almost forget that we are so far from home—pretty nearly as far as we ever can be—unless, perchance, we live to see the completion of the electric kites that by-and-by shall carry us from planet to planet.

But let us down from our soaring among the stars—it is always so in life, you know—and let

us visit, like plain, common-sense travelers, the cities of this great island of Australia — or, to be more modern — this great *continent* of Australia.

First to Sydney, a city on the south-eastern coast of the continent. Sydney has a wonderful harbor — a beautiful and safe harbor. Indeed, Sydney people are fond of saying, "In our harbor the navies of all the world might anchor!"

And so they might; for the bay extends into the land some twenty miles, island-locked on either side, as smooth and as calm as an inland lake. As you enter, you would think but for the current that you were sailing up the broad mouth of a river. Here and there lie pretty wooded islands, on either side are the luxuriant banks — if we may say a bay has banks — with their projecting promontories and little bays, and finally away up four miles from the entrance of the harbor, lies the white and shining city itself.

As we near the cove — Sydney Cove — we see at its heads strong fortresses to protect the place —



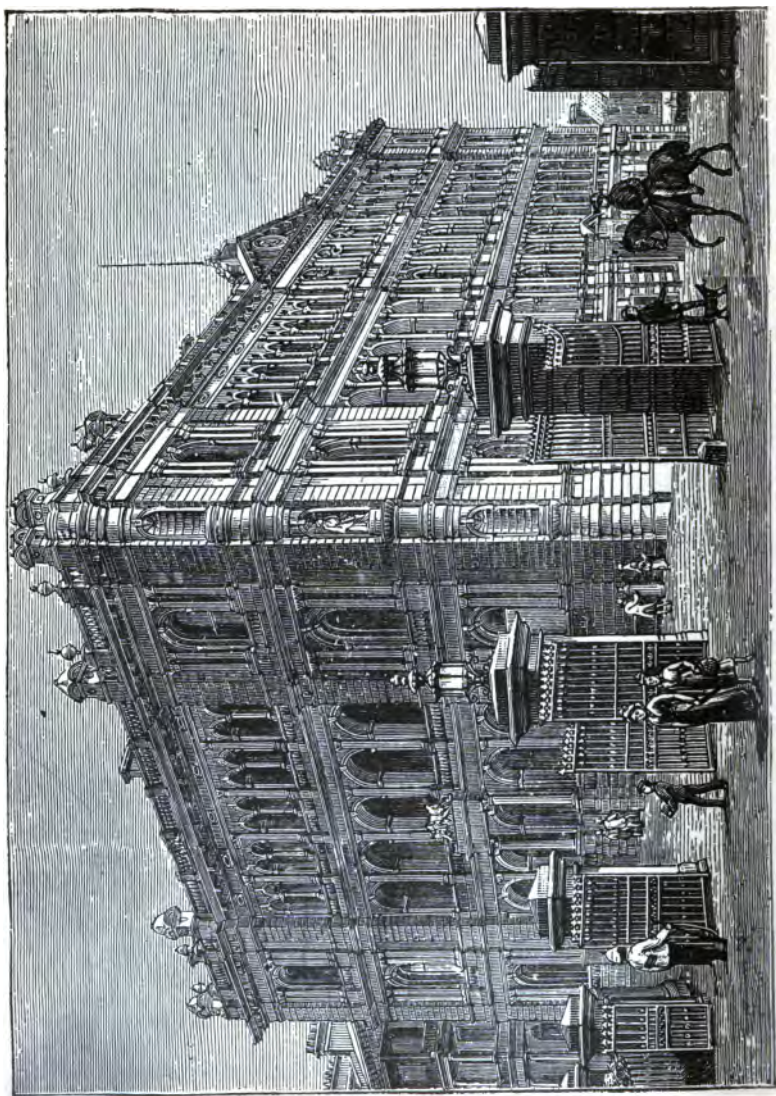
VIEWS IN SYDNEY: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, THE CATHEDRAL, AND SYDNEY HEADS.

very likely, in case the "navies of all the world" *should* ever take it into their heads to sail up and anchor before the boastful little city.

The city of Sydney is very new in its appearance; for although it has been settled some years, it is only within the last ten or fifteen that the larger and fine-looking buildings have been erected. The streets, even now, in the old part of the town, are narrow and crooked, and the little tumble-down houses crowded and mean.

The new buildings are fast pushing out these old shells of houses, the streets are being broadened and straightened, and it will not be long before the old Sydney will exist only in the memory of its old residents.

The streets are named for important personages. For example, one is George street, named for King George III. of England; another is Pitt, named for England's well-known prime minister. Other streets are named from early governors of the island; and as governors, in the early days, did not



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, MACQUARIE STREET, SYDNEY.

rule long at a time over their rather lawless first settlers, there have been governors enough thus far, for nearly all the streets yet laid out.

In the city is one relic of the past, which I trust will be allowed to stand as long as it will. That is the Church of St James — a pretty little English style of church now nearly two hundred years old. It is an uncomfortable old church, with great square pews. Most people would much prefer the ease and elegance of the new Cathedral, no doubt, for every day service; still the old church is a landmark; it speaks of the age of the city, and it is to be hoped that the over-zealous city fathers will not seize upon it for many years to come.

The street railway system of Sydney, you will not, I am sure, approve. Nor would you enjoy, were you there, being within them or without.

In the first place, as the country-man said, "*these horse cars go by steam.*" Two cars are coupled together and these are pulled along by a dirty, smoky, puffing locomotive. At every other block



STATUE OF PRINCE ALBERT IN SYDNEY.

this ungainly train stops to receive passengers. At the principal corners there are flagmen; but for all that, before new-comers can accustom themselves to these wandering locomotives, here, there and everywhere about the streets, there are many accidents and not a few deaths.

And Sydney has parks — really beautiful parks! Have you still a lingering idea that Australia is a wild sort of a place, full of strange birds and terribly wild animals? Then you should see the parks of Sydney! First there are the Botanical Gardens, where are to be found every plant that grows in all Australia and also hundreds and hundreds of specimens from all over the world. There are, among the curiosities of the Gardens, three Norfolk Pines seventy years old, ninety-five feet high, and nearly five yards in circumference. Then there is an oak, which, when the air is perfectly still, gives out a murmur like a seashell. Who knows but this may be the “talking oak” of which the early Greeks used to tell such stories?



STATUE OF CAPTAIN COOK AT SYDNEY.

Then there is a musk-tree — as sweet — if you happen to enjoy the odor—as the cinnamon groves on the South-sea islands, which we will visit by-and-by. It is strange enough to see these trees, the Norway Pine or the Arctic Fir growing side by side with the palm and bamboo and banyan.

Then there is Albert Park, the same Prince Albert that you find referred to everywhere on English territory! Just across from this is Hyde Park, with its statue of Captain Cook, the discoverer of New South Wales, and who, so they say, was eaten up by the cannibals of the Sandwich Islands. Besides these are Wentworth Park, and Moore Park, and Alfred Park, and Belmore Park, and the Great National Park, and other parks "too numerous," as the railway guide books like to say, "to mention."

... All these parks are in the city proper or closely about it; so you may be sure that Sydney, for all its quarter of a million people, has a goodly number of breathing places. Then there are the suburbs

of Sydney. Beautiful places! These stretch along the harbor, in and about the little coves and promontories for which this harbor of Sydney is noted. The little villas are very pretty and make a beautiful picture to one sailing along the harbor or into the bays upon which these homes are built.

In the very early times of the colony, when the inhabitants were for the most part convicts, there was much trouble. No sooner did the natives realize that these white men had come to stay and that villages and towns were being built, than they waged war upon them —war which was carried on no differently from the wars that in the same years were being carried on in America between the Indians and the colonists of this country.

Besides this, the Sydney colonists did not then agree always among themselves.

But not very much is said now-a-days about these early convict days, and for this reason: many of the leading families of Australia to-day, many of the most prominent men in business, or in politics,

are descendants of these convicts; and, although no one would think of respecting them the less for what their grandfathers did that was wrong, still, it is just as well not to say too much on the subject, even in a general way.

Sydney has steam communication with everywhere. As your good friend *Thomas Knox* says, "from Sydney you can take a steamer direct for Greenland's icy mountains or India's coral strands, or any other mountains or strands upon the face of the globe."

For dock accommodations — dry-dock and wet-dock — Sydney is not exceeded by any city in the world. Only a few years ago the English government built a dock four hundred and fifty feet long; but before it was finished even, it was far too short and another has since been built — six hundred and eighty-five feet long. In one year alone, over two thousand foreign ships enter the harbor of Sydney.

Besides this, Sydney is a manufacturing city of no

small importance. There are more than fifty factories, besides many foundries, and other similar establishments.

But you are convinced already, I feel sure, that Sydney is quite a place and that there is at least one spot on the island of Australia where the wild beasts no longer prowl and howl.

And very likely there may be other locations from which they are debarred the pleasure of wandering at will. Let us see.

Now, there is Newcastle for example — only a few miles from Sydney. Shall we go there next? Presto! change! and here we are!

Did you ever hear the expression "carrying coals to Newcastle?" Well, this isn't the Newcastle referred to in the "saying," for the "saying" was abroad long before this Newcastle was ever dreamed of. But this Newcastle is very like the old English Newcastle from which it is named; and, judging from what the residents say of the new Newcastle's wealth of coal mines, the expression is

quite as fitting here as in the old Newcastle of England.

In general appearance Newcastle is quite like any mining city. There are no points of especial interest about the town other than the coal mines. There are thirty-five coal seams, from five to twenty feet wide—one of them, the Greta, is twenty-one feet wide. Ten thousand people are engaged in the mines, and from this one port there are shipped annually two million tons of coal.

Certainly Newcastle is a busy place. Do you see the smoke rising here and there and everywhere above the city? Surely these are hardly camp-fires of howling savages? No, you will have to admit that now you know of two cities in Australia that are certainly very like the cities of our own country—large, and prosperous, and very busy.



THE BOTTLE-TREE.

TREES OF AUSTRALIA.

Very much of Australia is unexplored as yet. Not because it is so very extensive that there has not been time and opportunity; but for the very much more definite reason that the interior is such a waterless region that it has been impossible to journey many days into the unknown land.

The island, or better, the continent, is nearly as large as Europe; but the water supply is amazingly disproportionate. In Europe, as you well know, there are the great rivers Danube, Rhone, Rhine, Seine, Don, Vistula, and Volga, to say nothing of their numberless great branches; but in Australia there is but one great river — the Murray.

One other, the Darling, disappears in the quicksands; and the other shorter rivers, so small is their water supply, that in the hot season they dry up entirely, leaving great tracks of mud cracking and baking beneath the burning sun. Whether this vast

interior can ever be made of any use is a question. But very likely it can and will be now that the science of irrigation and rain-making has been so far advanced. Not many years ago there were places in the interior or western part of our country that were considered hopelessly dry and barren, nothing but the cactus and sage-bush being considered persevering enough to live there.

Everything in Australia is topsy-turvy. It reminds one of the buttercups that ate up the cows. For example, when it is summer in our country it is winter in Australia,—this of course being true of any country south of the equator. Then, too, when it is day here it is night there.

There the compass points to the south; and it is the northern side of the house that has the warm winter sun shining in all day at its windows. The animals have amazingly large feet and they carry their young in a pouch. The birds have beautiful and gayly-colored plumage, but their song is ear-rending to listen to.

A hundred or so of these Australian birds twittering at daybreak above one's windows, would drive one insane. The swans are black; so the saying, that "each mother's ducks are all swans," would utterly fail in the point of its application here.

It is at night that the cuckoo's song is heard; and it is in the broad daylight, that the owls hoot and screech. Here it is the valleys that are cool, and the mountains that are warm. It is the north wind that is hot, the south wind that is cold, the east wind that is healthy, and the west wind that brings the colds and sneezing influenzas.

And, you hardly will believe me, but it is a fact, that here the bees have no stings, cherries grow with their stones outside, the beautiful flowers (many of them), have no smell, and some of the trees shed their bark, instead of their leaves.

More than that, some trees have no leaves at all; while on others the leaves grow up vertically from the twigs. And now, one wonder more; the coal is "black as coal?" No, indeed; the

coal is "white as marble;" that is, some kinds of it are.

There, now! good children, if you will believe me through all this, I shall feel sure I have your life-long confidence. For certainly, that is the "biggest story" I ever told in — well, in the travel books at any rate. Sounds like a genuine sailor's yarn, does n't it? Really, children, I would n't believe it myself, if I had not read it in a book, written by a man who had been there himself, and who declares "honor bright" that every word of his book is true. But we were to read of the trees.

In the first place, the trees of Australia give very little shade. Even close under the boughs and near the trunk, the sun burns through; and this, of course, is because of the vertical, up and down manner in which the leaves hang, never spreading out and lapping over each other, as do the leaves of our trees.

But you should see these trees at sunset, and for a little time after sunset. Such a wonderful picture

as they make! Then, as the sun falls behind them and they stand out between it and you, the whole mass of leaves becomes a wonderful network of delicate tracery, through which the rich sunset colors glow and burn, till the whole tree seems red and warm.

It is especially the Eucalyptus tree, that makes this wonderful picture. One kind, the jarrah eucalypt, is a magnificent tree. Its trunk is silver white, and it has no branches, sometimes, for a hundred feet in height. One thing about this tree, besides its beauty, that makes it valuable to the people, is that it defies all insects on land, and seems able for a great time to resist the action of the salt-water, or of the little animals dwelling in the salt-water, that so often prove destructive to timber. For this reason, it is used for pier building.

Another kind of eucalyptus is said by the doctors to be an anti-fever tree, for its foliage has a wonderfully purifying effect upon the air, its roots have an unusual capacity for absorption of moisture, and in



regions round about the eucalyptus, it is said, nothing of the nature of fever ever is found among the people.

Another highly prized Australian tree is the

acacia. Everywhere, through the south-eastern colonies, it is found; its tall, slender stem supporting the mass of graceful feathery foliage. In the spring-time, the rivers and valleys are alive with the rich, golden bloom, and the air for miles around is heavy with its fragrance. To "gather the wattle," for that is what the natives call this tree, is to the Australian children what "going-a-Maying" is to us here.

Another tree, the she-oak, has no leaves, but long pointed green thongs, through which the wind can whistle in a way so mournful and uncanny, as to remind you (if the place is a little lonesome and the night has fallen), of all sorts of fairies and hobgoblins.

Then there is the bottle-tree, an indescribable sort of a creation, that, at a distance, looks as much like a great pine-apple, as anything I can think of.

And there are many more trees quite unlike anything we see in Northern lands; the flame-tree, the grass-tree, and the peculiar orange-tree; but we

will not stop to describe them here, for their beauty, after all, lies in the rich color of their great red, crimson, yellow, and purple blossoms, which need rather to be seen, than read about, to be appreciated and enjoyed.

AUSTRALIA.

“ There is a land in distant seas
Full of all contrarities,
There beasts have mallards’ bills and legs,
Have spurs like cocks, like hens lay eggs.

There parrots walk upon the ground,
And grass upon the trees is found ;
On other trees — another wonder —
Leaves without upper side or under.

There pears you’ll scarce with hatchet cut ;
Stones are outside the cherries put ;
Swans are not white, but black as soot ;
There neither leaf, nor root, nor fruit,
Will any Christian palate suit ;

Unless in desperate need you'll fill ye
With root of fern and stalk of lily.
There, 'stead of bread, and beef and broth
Men feed on many a roasted moth.

There missiles to far distance sent
Come whizzing back from whence they went.
There quadrupeds go on two feet,
And yet few quadrupeds so fleet.

There birds, although they cannot fly,
In swiftness with the greyhound vie.
With equal wonder you may see
The foxes fly from tree to tree.

And what they value most, so wary,
These foxes in their pockets carry.
The sun, when you to face him turn ye,
From right to left performs his journey.

The north winds scorch, but when the breeze is
Full from the south, why, then it freezes.
Now of what place can such strange tales
Be told with truth, but New South Wales?"



DRIVING CATTLE.

BUSH LIFE.

Years ago if a man was disposed to take up "bush life"—that is, to engage in stock-raising in Australia—all he needed to do was to pay his ten pounds to the government, choose his location and raise his flocks. It was little matter whether he had a hundred or a thousand or a million cattle, Australia was large and his herds might wander at their will.

But all this freedom was before the island had become so populated. Now each cattle owner must limit his numbers and limit his territory, too, and the business must be carried on in a scientific manner.

It is said that when cattle are first taken out upon these stock-raising farms, they are restless and uneasy; and being mild, gentle, not over ambitious but rather home-loving creatures, it is no unusual thing in their first days in their new home, for

them to start, as if by preconcerted signal, on the dead run in the direction of their old home.

But after a time, especially after they have been driven back with whip and goad, they grow contented in their new homes, choose their *camps* generally in some open tract, near water and a group of trees and there lie lazily beneath the shade or graze upon the open country, as contentedly as if all their lives this was the one place they had always sought or had been brought up upon.

It is strange, the way the herdsman drives out from the flock such animals as he may find ready for market.

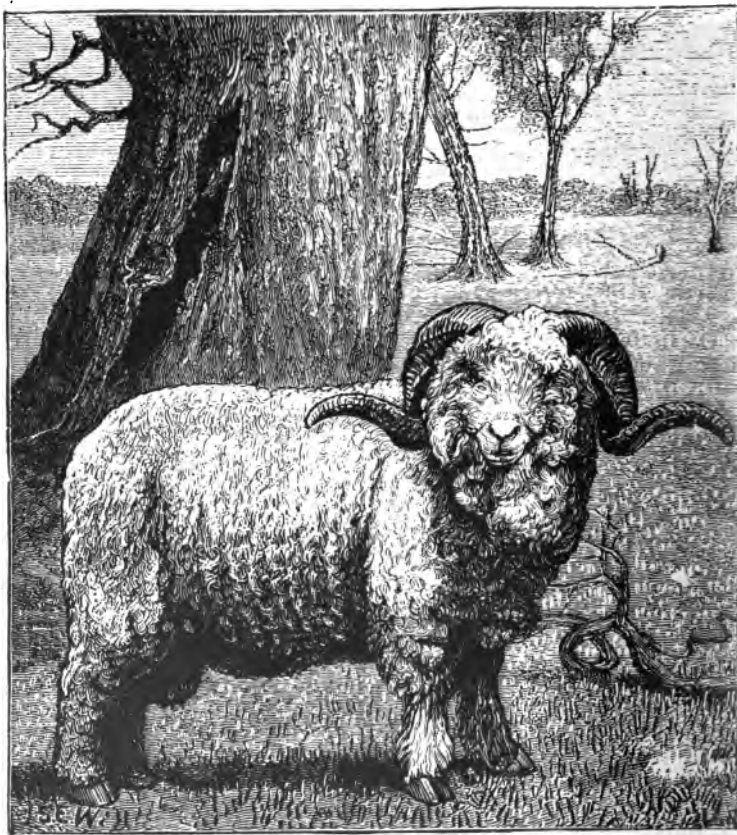
On horseback he rides in among them. One crack of the whip upon the back of the chosen animal seems to explain to the horse — trained to this sport — that that is the one to be driven to one side. The horse immediately wedges his way through the herd to the one selected. Then pushing against him from behind, then from the side, turning and hoisting with surprising rapidity,

the hunted animal, before he realizes it, is out upon the edge of the herd and close upon the separate little group to which henceforth he is to belong.

Cattle-raising is a pursuit full of excitement and danger. It is a cool head and a fearless heart that can drive these wild animals through the bush, down the precipice, and across the river. And to enter the enclosure where these angry, frightened creatures have been driven, is to enter upon the dangers of the Spanish arena.

In the early life of these bushmen sheep raising was not thought of. The vegetation, said the bush-rangers, is unfit for them. But that this was not true, was soon discovered; and now it is from Australia that we get the very finest, softest, whitest, silkiest merino wool.

There were also in these early times great forests of eucalyptus, acres, acres, and acres wide. Now the timber was of no value in a country where there was little or no building, and the space was sadly needed for grazing.



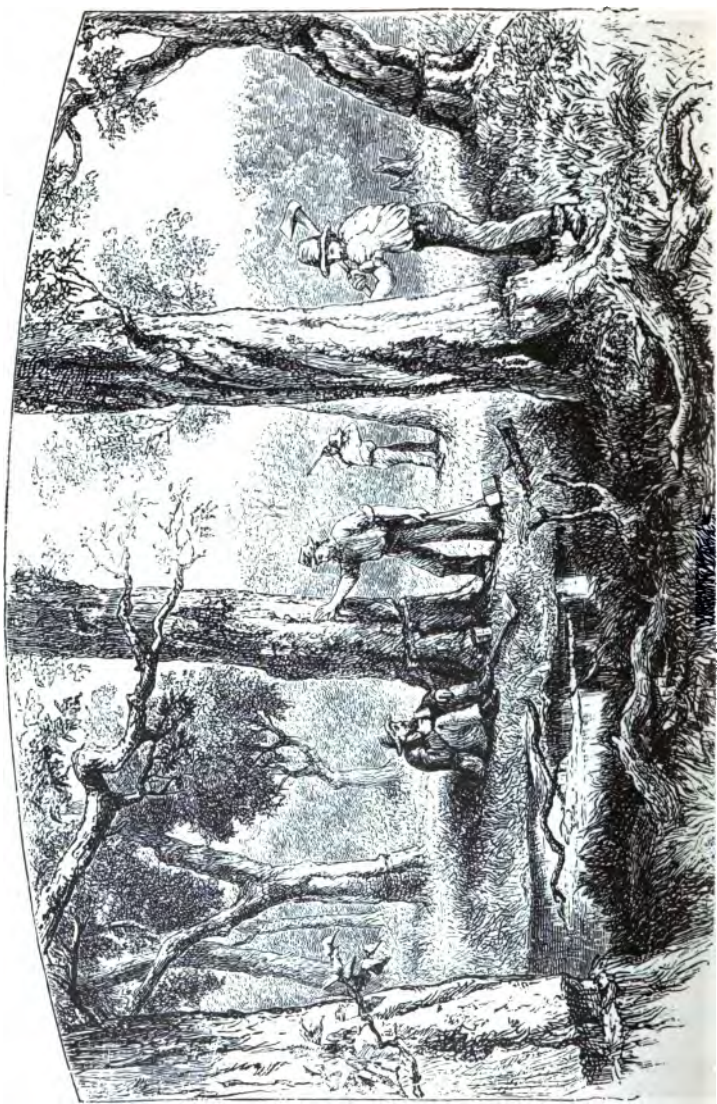
A MERINO SHEEP.

Besides, so very absorbent were the eucalyptus roots that neither in the forests nor for some little distance around the forests would the grass grow. To clear these forests was a great question. For a time the bushmen worked courageously at felling the trees. But it was like the locust that from the granary carried off daily one grain of corn.

At last, by mere accident the bushmen learned that if the bark was cut the entire distance around the trunk, the tree would very speedily die. This was called ring-barking; and in the course of a few years these great forests were all cleared away, and on their very sites are some of the finest fields of grassland of Australia.

Once, in 1851, a terrible fire spread over these bush-lands — a fire like the prairie fires of our own great West.

On that fearful day — since known as "Black Thursday" — the loss of life, the fury of the flames, the rush and roar of the wind, the suffering and



RING-BARKING.

agony of the cattle, were more terrible than words can describe.

The lurid light from the miles of blazing country could be seen even upon the shores of New Zealand. In 1886 was another great fire, this time in the forests of Otway — houses were burned and cattle were destroyed; nor did the conflagration cease till hundreds and hundreds of miles of woodland lay a mass of black and charred timber.

Vessels passing through the strait were showered with cinders and falling soot. One vessel reported that at one time so dense was the smoke darkening the sun, that lamps were needed in the cabin, the binnacle lamp was lighted, and it was with difficulty that the crew could breathe, so heavy and suffocating was the smoke.

Another danger in the bushman's life is the danger of getting lost in the bush. This most often happens to little children, who, wandering off in their play, suddenly find themselves beyond the sight of home.



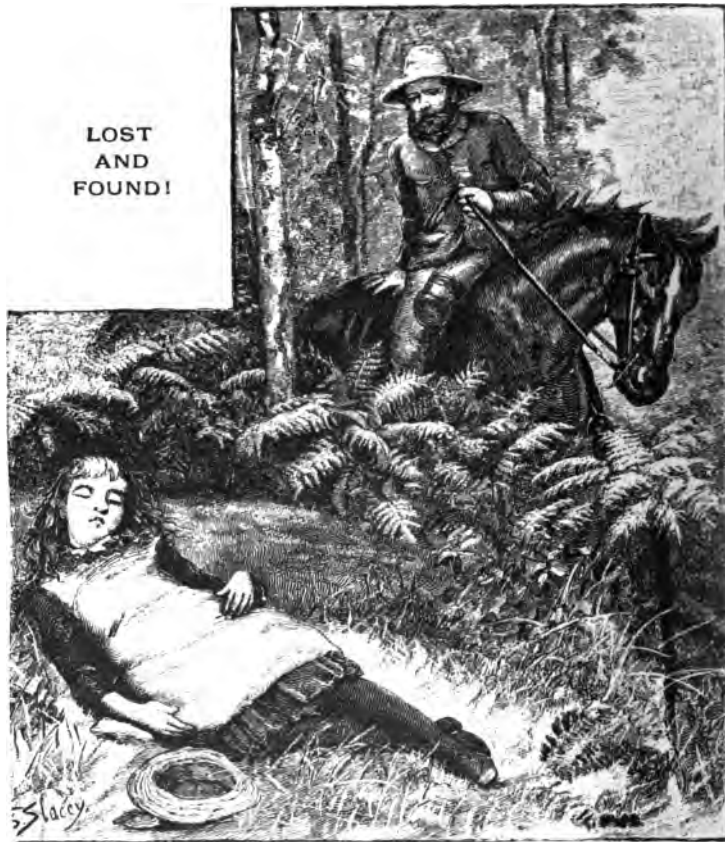
BEFORE AND
AFTER
THE FIRE.

Around them on every side is the bush. As far as eye can reach there are no houses, nothing but the miles and miles of bush-land with here and there the trees. Which way to turn — where to go, none but an experienced bushman could tell.

And so, on and on, perhaps towards home, perhaps away from home, the little ones wander till night comes on. Then word goes out, "Our child is lost! Our child is lost!" Then the neighbors are aroused, a runner is hurried to a station; in every direction aid is telegraphed for. All work is stopped; the cattle are left unheeded; the hay is left unstacked; the kind hearts of the rough bushmen beat in sympathy, and all join in the search.

It is an anxious time — a pitiful time of suspense; an agony of fear. And happy is the mother who at last hears from the distant hill-top the welcome "Coo-e-e-e!" of the returning horseman — the call that tells her that her child is found.

From all this you see that life in the bush of Australia, either as a simple farmer or as a stock-



raiser is full of danger and peril. And it is a hard life, too — a life of privation and hard, hard work from early dawn till late at night. But it is a free



life, and a healthy, rugged, out-of-door life. The rangers seem hearty and happy. Many of them grow very wealthy, and by-and-by go to the cities on the coast and finish out their days in rest and luxury, peace and plenty.



NATIVE TRACKER.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

There are so many different classes of people in Australia! For example, were you to ask how many *natives* there are in the country you might be misunderstood. The *natives*, so called in Australia, are the white people, European or American, who have been born and brought up there. These are called natives in contradistinction to those white people who have emigrated there.

But the *aborigines*, the real natives, as we should think of them, the wild black men of the forest are, you see, a very different kind of an inhabitant.

There are said to be only about twenty thousand of these aborigines, not a very large number; and some of these have already become quite civilized. It is quite a common thing to see about the cities, or upon the stock farms, or in the vineyards, an aboriginal dressed in the ordinary garb of a white laboring man, his hair clipped, and his beard of

reasonable length, looking no more, and acting no more like a wild man than do the colored people of our own country.



CIVILIZED ABORIGINE.

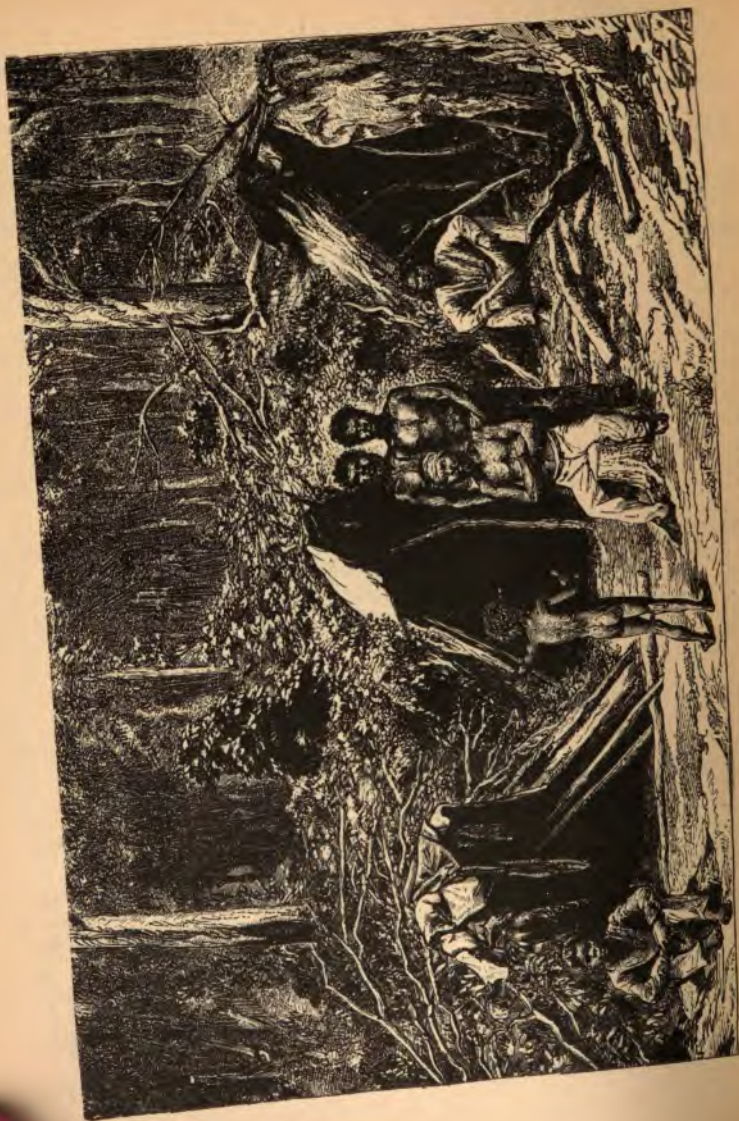
Upon the stock farms, these aborigines are of great value. They have the instinctive sharpness and alertness common to savage tribes, are wonderful riders, tireless travelers, and, like our American Indians, can follow a trail and track the lost cattle, when to the white man the attempt would be but worse than useless.

In another respect, these aborigines are like our American Indians. When the first white men came, they treated them fairly, and welcomed them with kind good will. They were honest too, and tem-



CIVILIZED ABORIGINE.

perate. But alas! civilized man — think of it *civilized* man! — brought to them rum and tobacco, and soon taught them to lie and steal, and defraud each other in business transactions. The aborigines seized upon and developed tact in their new habits



NATIVE ENCAMPMENT.

all too willingly, and too successfully. So that to-day, they are as accomplished in these *civilized* manners and customs as could be desired. They work when they are in the mood, and steal cattle and sheep from their employers on which to support their families, when the mood comes upon them to work no longer. They can saturate themselves with the vilest, strongest tobacco; and can get themselves dead, dead drunk — indeed, you would never once suspect that they had not been *civilized* all the days of their life, so absolutely perfect is their civilization in these respects. Indeed, so marked is their change, that, when once they have left their tribes to join in the great march of *civilization*, the simple-hearted, straight-dealing savages look upon them as forever “outcasts” and, on no conditions, will they receive them back into their midst.

But to go back to the aboriginal, as he was when the first white men came — to go back to him just as he was before he ever dreamed of the elevating, or cultured customs of civilization.



A WADDY FIGHT.

They were mere savages — mere good animals with just a little more mind than the animals about them—just enough to distinguish between reason and instinct. Clothes and houses were undreamed of, and in so warm a climate, there had been no need for either.

To protect themselves from the rain, they had learned to lean sticks and bark against a tree, and cover them over with boughs. Under this they would crawl, and sleep away the hours, till the weather was fair again.

When going into battle, they painted themselves most hideously from head to foot, considering that the more terrible they looked, the more sure they were of victory.

They get their fire, as have all savage tribes, (and civilized tribes, too, until matches were invented) by friction. They rub two sticks together, until a consuming heat is produced by which the fire is made. This is a long, tedious labor, and therefore, when once it is obtained, great care is



A NATIVE CLIMBING A TREE FOR OPOSSUM.

taken to keep it burning. They carry it in their march from place to place, carefully covered with bits of bark; and woe unto the *fire carrier*, if through carelessness, or any accident, this spark is lost.

They have a wonderful system of smoke signals, by which they can communicate with one another, at great distances. They can warn one another of the approach of an enemy, can indicate the position of game, and the approach of ships; and it was a long, long time, in the days of the very first white settlers, before they learned that a certain thin, white column of smoke, rising from the midst of the trees, was the signal for a united attack upon the colonies.

The principal weapon used in their warfare is a heavy club, or "waddy" as they call it. With this, they strike always at each other's heads.

Among some tribes a short, wooden sword is used. These savages, too, are very expert in the use of spears, which they can throw with alarming

accuracy for some thirty or forty yards. These spears, like those of our Indians, are tipped with bits of stone, or bone, or very hard and polished wood.

They are a superstitious people. In Mr. Knox's books of travel, I have read this story of them. He says, that, among many superstitions, they have this one, that, when a black man dies, a white man springs up.

This superstition once proved of great service to a convict, who had escaped from the town in which he was at work, and had fled into the bush.

Usually there was little hope for a convict in such escape; for if he did not die of starvation, he was almost sure to be captured, and murdered by the savages. One of these convicts, becoming so weak and ill from lack of food, sank upon a mound to rest. When by-and-by he rose, he took a staff which he found standing in the mound, and with its aid, dragged himself along to a place where a band of savages were encamped.

At once the savages bowed before him in greatest reverence; they brought him food and drink, made for him a bed, did everything, indeed, that savage hospitality could suggest.

For years, the convict dwelt among them, learning their customs and their language, and becoming one with them. As soon as he had learned a few words, the savages made him understand that he was to be their chief. "For," said they, "you are our old chief come to life again. From his mound you sprang forth; with his staff you came to us. You are the white man sprung from the black man."

As life was dear to the escaped convict, as it is to most people, he did not deny the truth of the story, but took his position as chief, and ever after (I suppose, though the story does not tell), lived happily among his new friends, and finally, dying of a good old age, his death was bemoaned and bewailed, and his remains honored by the grandest ceremonies known to the tribes of savage Australia.

The dead are buried, always, where it has seemed

best for the powers of life to smite them. And these places are never occupied again, nor are they ever visited by the tribe, except on some rare occasion. The names of the dead are never spoken, and every possible reference to them is carefully avoided.

These savages have, as all nations or tribes, however savage, have, some kind of an idea of a Supreme Ruler, and of a creation. These in Australia will tell you that Benjil created two men out of clay. That Polly-yan created two women. Into the right hand of each man was placed a spear to dig roots with. These first men and women were told never to go near a certain tree in which lived a great black bat; but one day the women, gathering firewood, wandered to this very tree. Then the bat flew out into the world — and the bat was death.

Under the earth, say these aborigines, lives a terrible giant of a black man, with a long, long tail. And he roars with laughter at the men above the earth because they have no tails.

And once there was no water upon the earth. But there was a great frog filled full of water. If the frog could but be made to laugh, the water would pour out and there would be enough for all the world. So the animals came and danced before him, on one leg, on two legs, on hind legs, on fore legs. But the great frog blinked on, with not so much as a smile curling about his great wide mouth.

Then the eel came and wriggled and wriggled. The frog stared at him and forgot to blink. The eel wriggled and wriggled again; until at last the great frog laughed outright. And as he laughed, the waters poured out over the land until there was a flood and the people had to escape to the hill tops for safety.

As to the sun, burning as it does all day, it must of course, need fuel. And it is for that, say the aborigines, that it goes down every night below the earth.

The aborigines look with superstitious fear upon all inland ponds, and lakes, and seas; for it is in

these, that the spirits of the bunyip live — the terrible water-dog, that spreads sickness, and death, and misfortune upon the tribes of men. The bunyip is a terrible creature, with great wide jaws, horrible teeth, and eyes of fire. He watches for stray men, who wander into the forests, and pounces upon them and devours them. "Wander you not into the forests," say the mothers to the little children, "else the bunyip will eat you; and wander not near the water holes, else the water-dog will leap out at you."

There are other aboriginal customs, which are of interest to an Australian visitor. The "corroboree" for example, is an aboriginal dance, which, though quite a little gone out of fashion now-a-days, is still remembered among the people and occasionally gone through with for the amusement of visitors who are willing to pay for the privilege of seeing it.

A great fire is built in the centre of the encampment and a space cleared around it. The women form a semi-circle, squatting themselves at a re-

spectful distance where they can see and admire, yet be quite out of the way.

The dancers come close to the fire, where they await the signal from their leader to begin. They have about them the skin of an opossum and their bodies are streaked and daubed with paint in a most fantastic manner.

At the signal, the dancers quickly form in line. The women drone out a sort of chant and beat time with their fists upon opossum skins which they have stretched tightly across their knees to serve as drums.

The dancers march forward, then back, then right, then left, then circling round and round each other, forming figures, twisting and turning themselves in most grotesque fashion.

Now the music quickens; the dancers quicken their pace; they twist and contort themselves with added zeal. By-and-by, they jump higher in the air; then higher and higher still, with each jump giving a shrill yell, meant, no doubt, to be musica'



A CORROBORÉE.

Suddenly a signal is given; the jumpers subside; the dance is over, and both the performers and the orchestra flee to the bushes. Often, there is a second part, a sort of encore, very likely, which is very nearly like the first, varying only in a few minor parts.

There are other dances—war-dances and religious dances—one especially, a ridiculous kind of dance, in which the women try to behave as much like kangaroos as possible. These dances are always performed in the night by fire or by moonlight; and great occasions they are to the people. In some dances only the men take part; in others both men and women, and sometimes even the children join. And on very, *very* great occasions two or more tribes unite in one grand festival which sometimes lasts more than a night, often two or three, or more.

The aborigines have a very unceremonious manner of choosing their wives. The women have nothing to say in the matter at all. But the father sells

his daughter to any one of her tribe who may come for her, exactly as he would sell a horse or a sheep.

If she objects to the sale—and she sometimes does—her father pounces upon her with a club and beats her into obedience. Then she is led away to the hut of her purchaser and told to prepare dinner.

Sometimes she tries to run away. Then, poor hunted animal that she is, she is pursued and overtaken either by her father or her new husband, dragged back to her hut, and there impaled through the foot with a spear to prevent another escape.

In some tribes it is the brothers who settle their sisters in marriage. They simply exchange sisters, and that is all. If an aboriginal has no sister to exchange, he goes to some neighboring tribe, conceals himself in the bush until some woman of the tribe comes out to gather fire-wood, or gather berries for the family food. Then he creeps along close up to her, knocks her down, and drags her by the hair back to his own encampment. Reaching his hut, she is pounded into submission, and a war

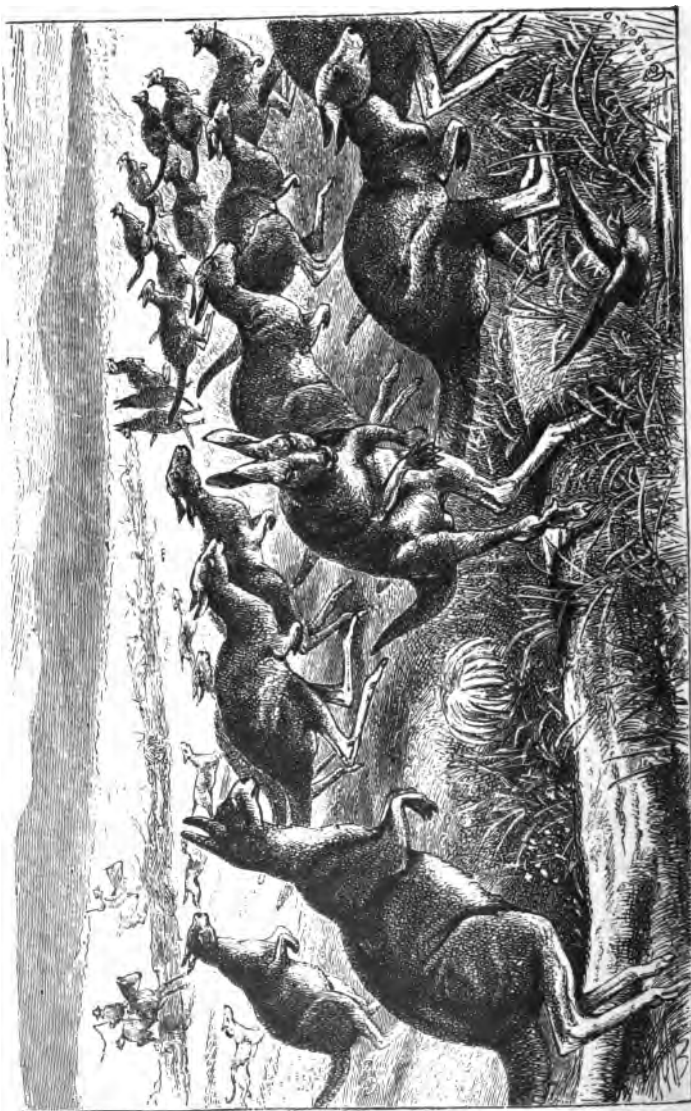
between the two tribes follows—not that the woman is considered of any value, but a form of revenge for stealing must be gone through, and as war is a mere pastime with savage tribes, it is no inconvenience and altogether an agreeable proceeding.

One other aboriginal story, and we will leave them to their own way of living. When a young aboriginal has become of a certain age he is put through an experience that shall test the valor of the lad.

In every tribe it differs somewhat, being in all tribes alike in this—that the lad is put to the limit of his endurance of pain.

In one tribe he must have his teeth knocked out or pulled out; in another his young beard must be plucked out hair by hair; in another he is pelted with stones; in another with mud; in another he is shut up in a tent and nearly starved to death.

If he lives through his test he is then a man, ready to engage in any of the savage customs in which becomes his honored privilege to have a part.



A KANGAROO HUNT.

BIRDS AND REPTILES. ANIMALS OF AUSTRALIA.

Just what this bunyip is that the aborigines claim so often to have seen in the forests and in the water, we do not know, but there are wonderful animals in Australia, animals unlike any found in other lands. It may be, also, that there is in the interior a yet undiscovered animal living partly in the water, partly on land, not altogether unlike the strange creature that the savages describe — excepting of course, his eyes of fire and his wonderful powers of spreading disease and misfortune. Those qualities we shall be obliged, even before seeing him, to ascribe wholly to the imagination of the natives.

But there are a goodly number of Australian animals with which the white people have already become quite familiar; scientists have studied them, and wonderful stories are told of them.

No large carnivorous, that is, meat-eating, ani-

mals, are to be found roaming about the wilds of Australia; but there is every kind of a marsupial, or pouch-bearing animal, known to science.

The pouch-bearing animal, of which the kangaroo is probably the best known to us, is, indeed, the characteristic animal of Australia. The family is to be found of all sizes and colors and kinds, from the kangaroo, which stands six or seven feet high, to the little pouched mouse, which, with its large family, might sleep very comfortably and cosily in a small boy's reefer pocket.

Then there is a slow, stupid animal, the worm-bat, which seems to know only enough to burrow in the ground, and can only crawl away at snail pace when he now and then thinks it worth while to move. But to compensate for him is the flying fox, that, in the night-time, delights to fly through the air.

Imagine the fright of the early settlers, or the early bush-rangers, lying upon their beds at night, to see now and then, here and there, these great black bodies flying through the air above their

heads. It is a wonder they did not think them great black ghosts — though ghosts are white, are n't they?

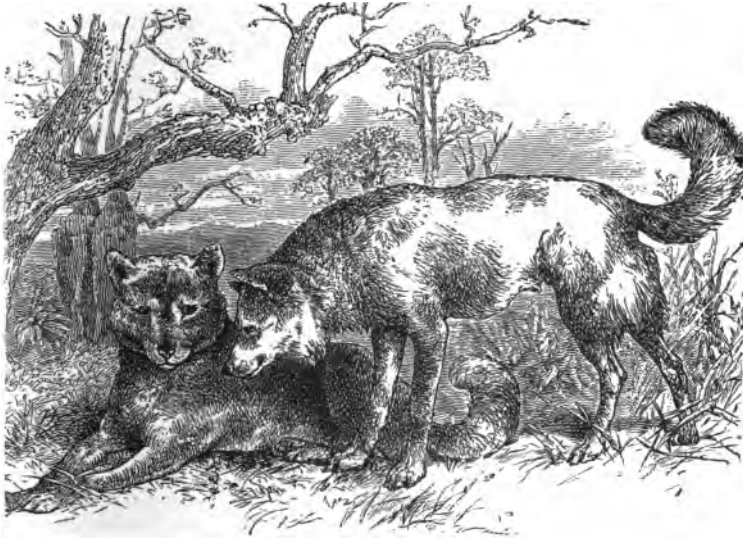
Then there is an Australian bear, as harmless as a kitten; asking nothing but to be let alone and allowed to feed upon the gum tree.

But the native cats! Look out for them! They are beautiful, spotted creatures, with sharp, wicked faces and a tendency to resent the appearance of human beings by active use of their teeth and claws.

Then there are the "tiger-wolf" and the "Tasmanian Devil" — and both names are very fitting. The tiger-wolf is a handsome, striped animal, while the Tasmanian Devil, an ugly, bear-like cat, is black, with here and there white spots. Both animals are ferocious, and have been found to be utterly untameable. They are both night thieves, and though they never attack man, are the terror of poultry keepers throughout the unsettled portions of the country.



THE FLATYFUS OR DUCK-BILL.



DINGOES.

The Australian dingo is an animal that has puzzled the scientists. He is really the wild-dog of India; but how he ever came to be in Australia is the puzzle. Yet there he is, and his bones deposited in ancient rock and soil show that he has been there for ages upon ages.

Thé dingo cannot bark; but he can howl—O how he can howl! Ask the bush-rangers how he can howl through the long still night, a howl that chills the very blood to listen to, and makes the teeth to chatter, and the hair to stand on end!

The kangaroo is a ridiculous looking animal, especially when he runs or hops. He is often hunted as game in Australia, and the sight of a herd of kangaroos fleeing before the horsemen is so absurdly comical that, as one traveler has written, "It was all we could do to keep our saddles, so shaken were we with laughter."

Then there is the platypus, that lives sometimes on the land, sometimes in the water; it is a beast, yet it has a bill like a bird; it suckles its young, yet lays its eggs.

When this strange bird-beast was taken first to Europe, the people thought it a hoax. They declared that the bill and the webbed feet had some way been fastened on to the body of a bear. But it was soon proved that the bird-beast was



THE LYRE-BIRD.

true to himself, and that he stood as Nature made him; and so, in due time, he was examined by the scientists and was classified, or rather put in a class by himself and given the dignified name of *Ornithorhyncus*.

The *ornithorhyncus* lays its eggs in long passages under ground, which it digs out with its strong bill from beneath the water. It is very sensitive to sound, and as it swims with only its bill above the water, it is not easily captured. Its fur is very rich and soft, quite equal if not superior to the seal skin; and if it were not so small an animal it would certainly be hunted for its skin.

There are in Australia birds of most beautiful plumage. One of the most interesting of all is the lyre-bird, so called because its tail feathers stand erect, spreading out in the shape of a lyre. The aborigines call this bird the bullard-bullard, a word which they have made from the sound of the bird's own note.

It is the father bird only that has these beautiful

feathers, the mother bird being a really very common, dowdy looking bird. But for all she is not so very beautiful, she is a very coy little lady, and understanding, as she no doubt does, that the father bird considers himself quite her superior, she leads him a lively life, making him spread himself, and strut and coo, and twine his beautiful feathers in every light, before she will grant him so much as one sympathetic little "peep."

The lyre-bird has a wonderful power of imitation. He will mock every bird he hears, and can be quite easily taught to imitate the sounds made by man. He seems to enjoy the fun of puzzling the men at work near the forests.

More than one white man in those early days of colonizing, could tell of searching in every direction for the "other man," who somewhere, not far away, could be heard splitting or sawing wood, and at last finding that it was only the lyre-bird, repeating the sounds he had learned to make.

The lyre-bird flies very slowly; if it were not



THE SARCOPHILUS OR "TASMANIAN DEVIL."

that he lives in the dense fern bowers and thick jungles, he would be a very easy bird to bring down with the shot gun.

Another bird, the satin bird, not only builds a nest for himself, but he sticks it full from the outside with twigs and flowers, and gay colored feathers, everything of color that he can gather from the country about.

One other characteristic is his liking for all sorts of objects not common to his own lot in life. Often a nest has been found full of all kinds of small domestic articles, that must have been taken from the houses of the stock raisers, scattered here and there about the country.

One other bird is the king-fisher, or, as the settlers call it, the musical magpie, or the piping crow, or the settler's clock, or the laughing jackass. It is called the settler's clock, because it has a habit of setting up a great noise just at noontide, which makes it very convenient for the settler at work in the field, or in the forest. It is called the laughing



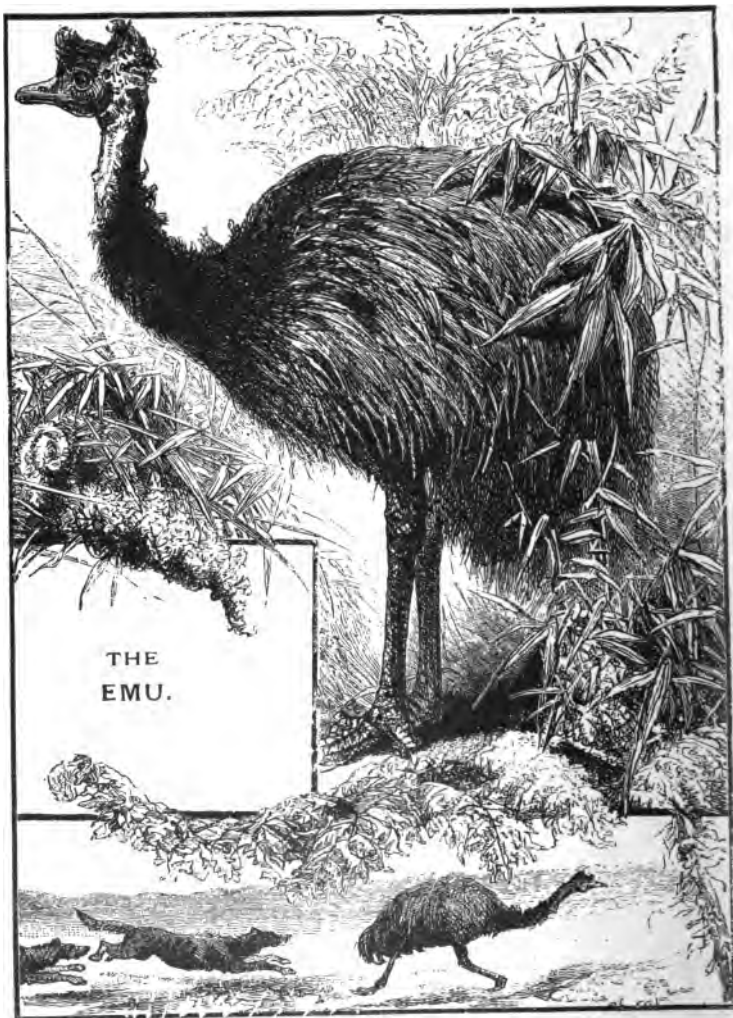
jackass, because of the ridiculous noise it makes. There is nothing like it under the sun,— a something between an insane laughter and the braying of a jackass.

The emu is a bird of game, and is hunted for his skin. He is a wonderful runner, and it is only the swiftest trained horses that can keep up with him. At the beginning of the chase, he runs with long, swift, swinging strides; but as he tires, he rocks from side to side, staggers, and finally, all strength gone, he falls to the ground.

The snakes of Australia have, in time past, been a great terror to the people; but, after all, they are not found to be so very troublesome, nor yet so very dangerous.

One kind, the carpet snake, is kept as a pet in some families; and there are stories told that visitors, in homes of these snake-fanciers, have sometimes found them curled snugly in rocking-chairs and beds.

This may, or may not be true; and the snake may, or may not be perfectly harmless; but whether true or false, there is something about a snake that will prevent it from being, ever, a universally popular household pet, or an altogether welcome bed-fellow.



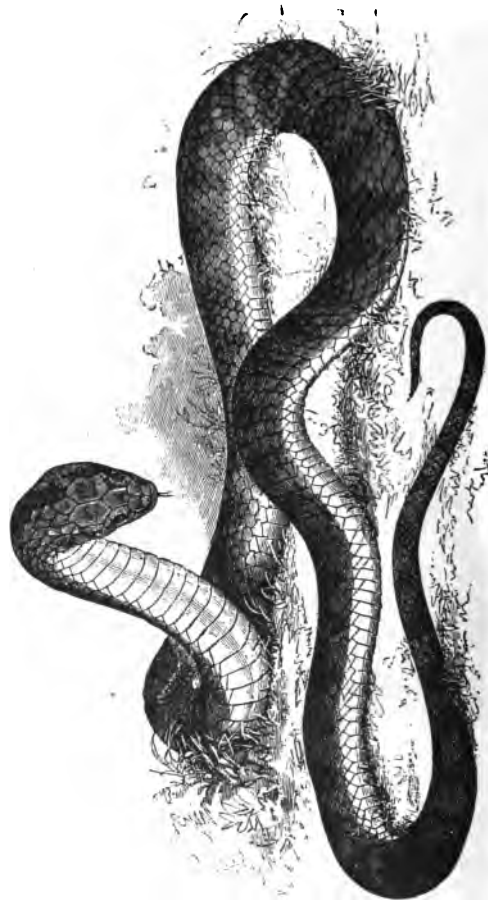
THE
EMU.

Of the poisonous snakes of Australia, there are five; the black, the brown, the tiger, the diamond, and the death-adder. The tiger snake is the most dreaded of all — it is, indeed, the cobra of India.

The death-adder never attempts to get out of a traveler's way. It will lie perfectly still, until the traveler's foot falls upon him; and then, not at all appreciating that the traveler would have only been too glad to have slipped aside, had he once suspected the presence of his foe, the adder darts at him in quick resentment.

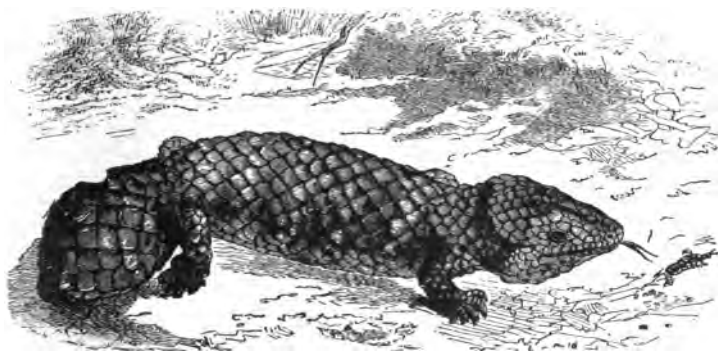
There was once a man in Australia, who found a never failing antidote for snake poison. He used to allow himself to be bitten by all sorts of snakes to prove that his antidote was certain. But one day, when so intoxicated that he had not sense enough to find his antidote bottle, a snake bit him and he died.

There are centipedes and scorpions in Australia, that are quite as much to be feared as the snakes; and a little black spider with a crimson spot upon

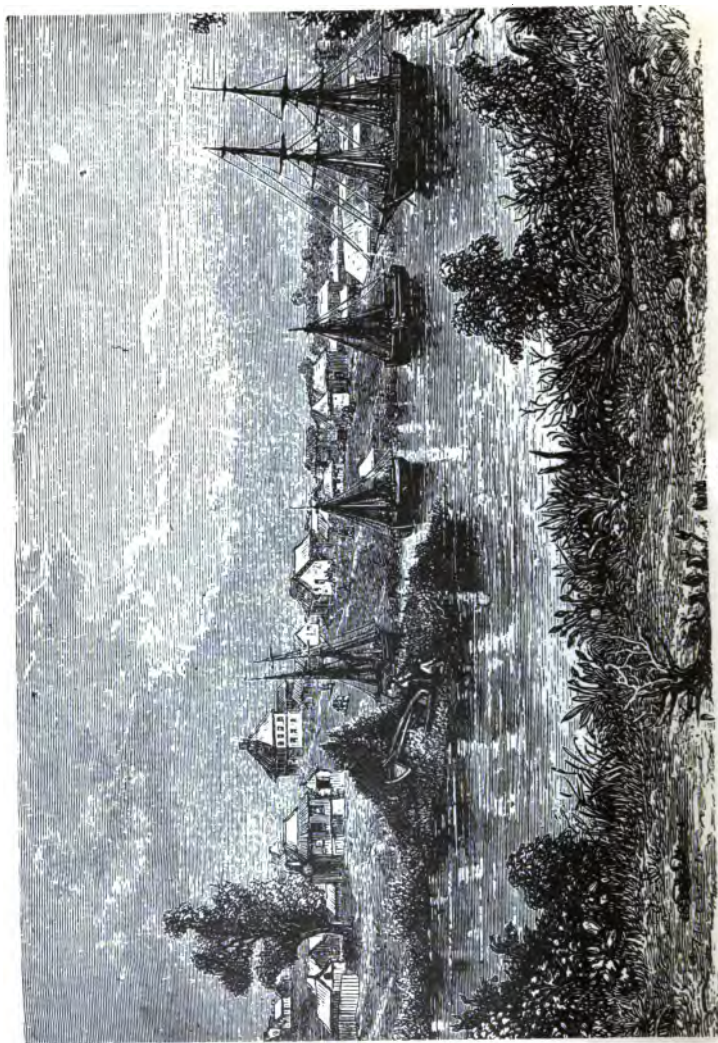


THE TIGER SNAKE.

its head. But let us talk of something else. I am afraid we shall dream of snakes and scorpions, if we do not change our subject to something more cheerful.



THE STUMP-TAILED LIZARD.



MELBOURNE, 1840.

MELBOURNE.

Another of Australia's cities is Melbourne; and a beautiful city it is, too. You will hardly believe it possible, as you go up and down its broad avenues and its thickly populated business streets, that only fifty years ago, Melbourne was a little clearing in the forest with here and there a log-hut or two.

But it was so. It was in 1835 that John Batman, an Englishman, sailed up the Salt-water and Yarra rivers and bought of the native chief an area of more than one thousand square miles of land, for which he paid a few dollars' worth of flour, sugar, glass beads and other of those trinkets always so beautiful in the eyes of savages.

Batman at once went to Tasmania to raise a band of colonists to go back and colonize the land he had purchased. Imagine his fury when, in the Spring, his vessel with the colonists arrived at the present site of Melbourne only to find it already

taken possession of by a John Faulkner, who, as the records say, "made the first permanent settlement, bringing with him five men, two horses, two pigs, one cat, and three kangaroo dogs."

Naturally these two men were hardly friendly; and as long as the they both lived, the city (or rather, the colony) was divided against itself. But for all that the colony grew rapidly and soon became a village, then a town, then a city. Only four years after its founding, there were already four hundred and fifty houses, seventy shops, three thousand people, and their first ship with a cargo of four hundred bales of wool had been sent to London.

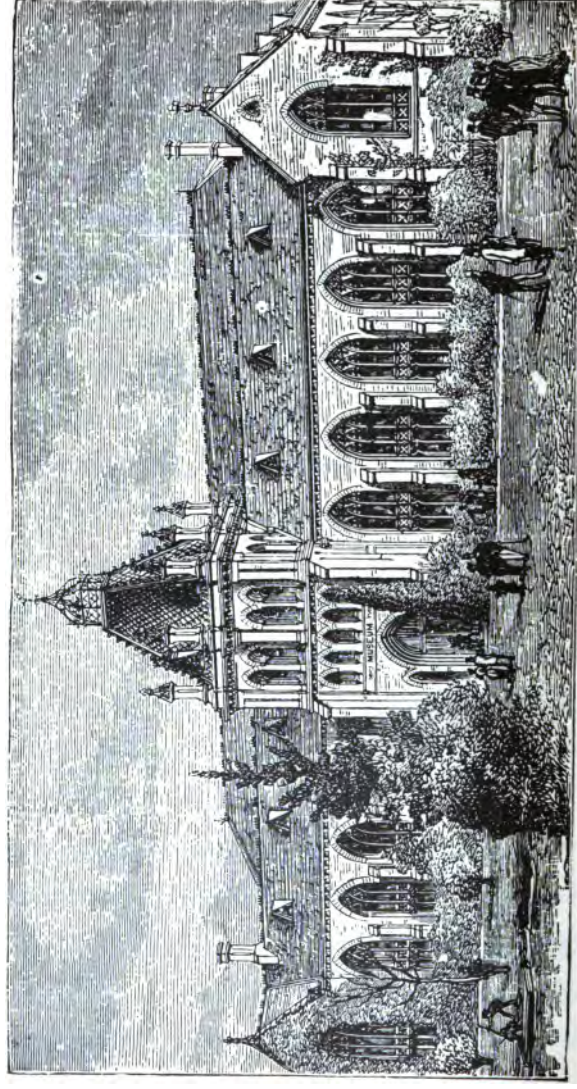
The location of the city is very beautiful, being upon rolling hills, from which, here and there, the traveler is surprised with extensive views far out beyond the city, across the country.

The city is carefully laid out, a mile and a half square, with broad regular avenues and generous parks.

The population is said to be more than three

hundred and sixty thousand. Think of it! Fifty-seven years ago only "John Faulkner, his five men, two horses, two pigs, one cat, and three kangaroo dogs!" To-day more than three hundred and sixty thousand people, and as the statistics make no mention of the animals, we are free, at least, to presume that the horses, the pigs, the cats and the kangaroo dogs have increased in a like proportion. Though possibly there may be some limit placed upon these latter, especially the pigs; as you know, they are not very popular members of city society. And you may be sure the wide-awake, thrifty, intelligent Melbourne people are not of the kind to tolerate any manner of custom or creature in their city not tolerated in the very best of cities all over the globe.

There *are* people in this world who, because the geographers of half a century ago used to speak of Australia as "an unexplored island in the Southern Sea," cannot yet give up their old *ideas* of its wildness, and bring themselves to



NATIONAL MUSEUM, MELBOURNE.

picture its present wealth of people and cities. Such Rip Van Winkles should visit Melbourne!

With their visions of opossums and kangaroos, I wonder what they would say to the great public buildings, the parks, the squares and the avenues? Very few American cities can boast such edifices, certainly not such avenues, as are to be seen in this city of Melbourne. They are like the beautiful palace buildings of London and Paris.

Yarra-Yarra, the river upon which the city is built, is a small river, navigable only to Port Melbourne, two and a half miles below the city proper. Taking this into consideration it becomes more remarkable still that the city has grown so rapidly; for all steamers and sailing-vessels drawing more than some fifteen or sixteen feet of water, must land their cargo at the Port, whence, of course, it must be transferred to the city.

The little river is a beautiful stream; and since the inhabitants do not seem to mind the distance to their wharf, perhaps it is quite as well that

the Yarra lends ornament rather than use to the city of Melbourne; for up and down its banks are little private boat-houses and wharves and landings, around which lie, with their holiday flags and pennons, all sorts of pleasure vessels, from the simple row-boat to the elaborate steam-yacht of the millionaire.

On pleasant evenings the waters ring with the song of the happy boating parties; and now and then there is a carnival season; then the river is bright with the camp-fires along the banks and the banners and bright-colored lights and lanterns suspended from the landings and the pleasure boats.

There are many bridges across the river — great, beautiful, arched bridges of granite; and there are many more to be built as the spreading out of the city up the river shall demand them.

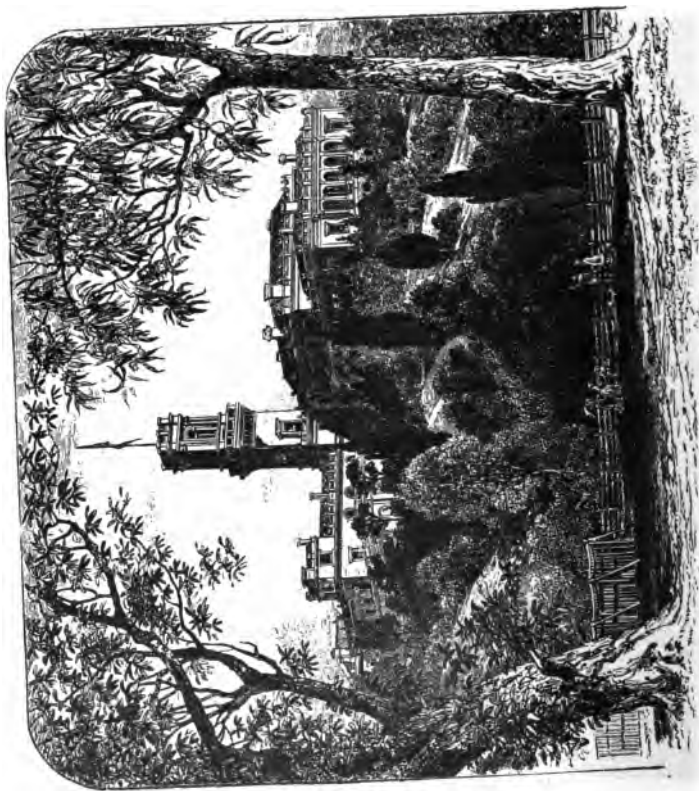
At the mouth of the Yarra is a bay, and the island St. Kilda, which the Melbourne people make a favorite summer resort. Such bathing facilities! But the fences extending from the beach far down

and out into the water will soon attract your attention. And when you have learned that these fences are to keep away the sharks from the bathers, for all the water looks so warm and inviting, and every luxury in the way of bathing house stands waiting for you, it will be some little time, I think, before you can look upon St. Kilda as the ideal summer resort that you had heard it called.

The government assures you that the fences are secure—that you are secure within, and the sharks secure without—but for all that, to a person born and brought up in our safer Northern climes, there is an uncanny feeling regarding these creatures of the tropical waters that one does not readily overcome.

Very likely it is a foolish, and a very unnecessary fear, but a Northerner is very apt to feel, after hearing of the sharp possibilities, that to-morrow will do quite as well for a bath at this beautiful St. Kilda, as to-day—perhaps a little better.

Some miles farther down the beach is a great



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE.

projecting ledge of rock which looks much like a great human head, stretching its long neck to look, perchance, out over the great area spread before it. Near by are thrown up some stratified rocks in such a way that for all the world they look like the long nozzles of cannon. This Sphinx and the artillery rocks, as the people call them, are well worth visiting; and they serve to make the place another attractive summer resort for the people of Melbourne.

Melbourne has one great day in the year called *Cup Day*. When Cup Day comes—the first Tuesday in November — Melbourne is the one great city of cities for Tasmania, New Zealand and all Australia. Even from the continent do people come in throngs to witness the race for the Melbourne Cup.

All stores, banks, courts, and schools are closed, and everybody gives himself up to a “good time.” The race-course, one of the finest in all the world, encloses a tract of three hundred and sixteen acres.

On the day of the races thousands of vehicles of every possible character, from the elegant "Victoria" of the wealthy, to the crudest, clumsiest farm wagon of the inland farmers, crowd close around to the race-course to see the wonderful horses that are put upon the track and to speculate upon the winning.

Another characteristic of Melbourne is its climate. For one thing, the city is subject to sudden and drenching showers. You stand (providing you are well sheltered) with open-mouthed wonder as you learn that clouds can pour down such quantities of water.

We speak sometimes of its raining pailfulls in our own climate, but the summer shower in our country, even at its worst and best, is but a mere sprinkle compared with a Melbourne shower. In a very few minutes the gutters are rushing and roaring like small rivers; and woe unto the child that attempts to cross one of them during these showers. Drowning accidents are by no means uncommon;

and sometimes even a strong man has been swept along in the stream, rolling and tossing, entirely at the mercy of the torrent, until rescued by some citizen from the street or sidewalk.

Then there are the Melbourne "busters." In Sydney they have the "brickfielder," or scorching wave of hot air; but at Melbourne they introduce you to another kind of weather—represented in "the burster."

It used to be believed that the burster gave no premonition of its coming; but, watching its chances when people were busily engaged—just burst. But of late years, it has been found that, like all eccentricities of the weather in any climate, it does give its warning, if only we are scientific enough to recognize the signs. And now when the Australian finds the barometer falling very rapidly he says, "We will postpone our picnic or our excursion; we shall have a burster before many hours." Or perhaps he says "We will hurry with our work (especially farm work); there is a burster threatened."

By-and-by up rolls a fine mist or cloud before the advancing wind; ominous rumbles of thunder are heard approaching nearer and nearer; by-and-by a flash of lightning; and then at last a down-pouring of rain — a real Australian down-pouring — and you have a Melbourne burster.

Rather a stormy winding up of our Melbourne chapter, do you think? O, but there is the wonderful sweetness and clearness and fragrance of the air *after* the burster! How clear the streets look! How the great public buildings shine and glisten!

The foliage in the parks spreads itself in the sun, drinking in the warmth; the very trees seem to have grown taller and broader! and from the ground come those sweet, earthy smells that come only after the summer shower.

At no time is Melbourne so beautiful, its air so sweet and invigorating, its parks and suburbs so beautiful as after the burster. Take one long breath of the spice-laden air, one long look down the broad avenue! *Isn't* Melbourne a beautiful city!

THE GOLD RUSH.

No American school-boy or girl but has read of our Californian Gold Rush a few years ago and knows what it means and all about it. So I need not explain; but may go straight on to say that Australia, too, has had its gold rush; and that, like all gold rushes, it was partly successful, partly a failure.

The city of Ballarat, for example, is one of Australia's mining centres, or, at least, it once was. The "diggings" from the soil have long ago been exhausted, and the present pretty city leaning down towards its beautiful lake is built upon the site of these "old diggings."

There is nothing about the town to suggest a mining district as you go about its broad, beautiful avenues; and as you ride through the botanical gardens, so handsomely and extensively laid out, you could hardly imagine that once, perhaps on



MONUMENT TO BURKE AND WILLIS, MELBOURNE.

the very spot, a group of brawny workmen searched for the precious ore.

The present gold working is carried on in the ledges outside the city, the soil, as we just saw, having long ago yielded up its treasures to the pioneer gold hunter. It is said that in the very early days, the gold diggers sometimes brought out from twenty to fifty pounds a day. And so near the surface in the soil did the gold lay, that often a great nugget — a whole fortune in itself — would be turned up in a plough-share, or by the great wheels of the heavy carts, or even, sometimes, be washed out clear and shining by a heavy rain-shower.

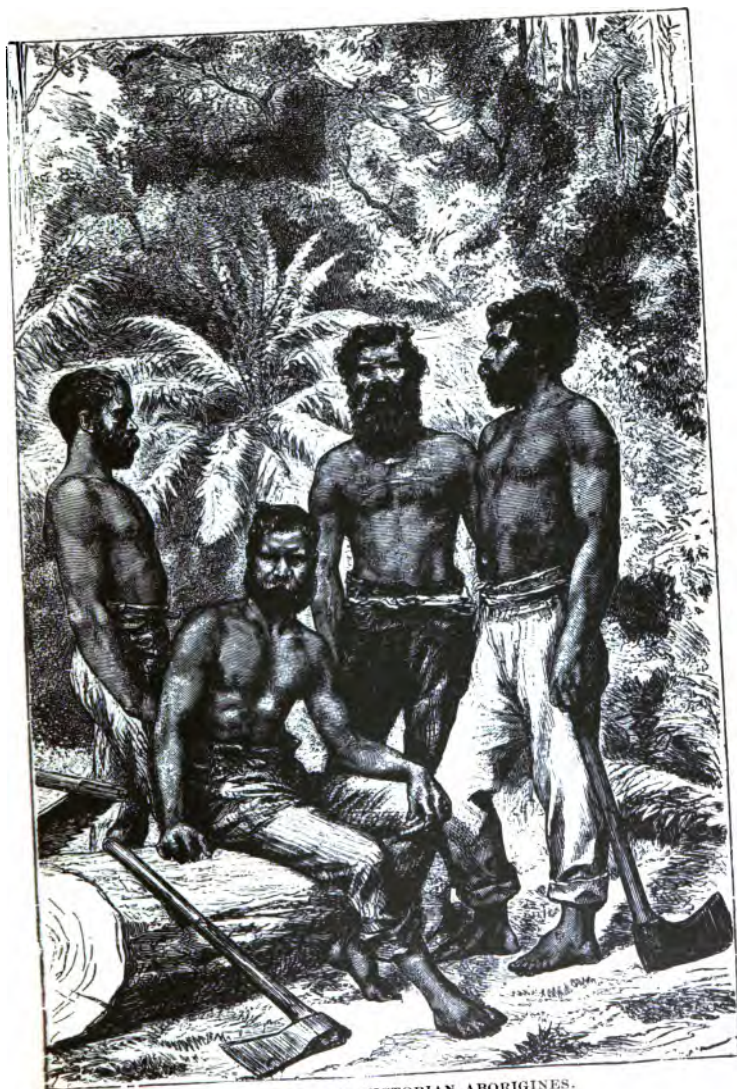
It was in 1851 that some one sent a pan of Australian sand to Great Britain, asking that it might be examined for suspected gold. It was examined, and, suddenly, Australia bounded with an importance that she had never dreamed of. Up to this time England had cared little for her island possession, except as a place to send her convicts to; but now, all at once, she became equally anxious

to keep her convicts away. Companies were organized and hundreds upon hundreds of men hurried to Australia to "get rich."

There was one nugget of gold found, called "the hundred weight nugget," one of the largest nuggets ever seen in the world. The finding of this nugget was a mere happening. An aboriginal who tended the flocks of a stock-farmer, Dr. Kerr, lay one day upon a hill-side in the Bathurst mountains half asleep, lazily yawning and dreaming and watching his sheep, as has been the way of shepherds from the beginning of time. As he lay there, something in the earth, shining, attracted his eyes.

"Gold," thought the shepherd, for he had heard of the gold fever and of the numbers of white men who had come to the island to search for the ore. So throwing his tomahawk towards it, he watched it graze the edge of the shining object and pare off a bit of soft yellow metal.

The shepherd, sure that it was gold he had discovered, went to his master, Dr. Kerr, and told



SEMI-CIVILIZED VICTORIAN ABORIGINES.

him of it. I fancy Dr. Kerr was rather more interested in it than the simple shepherd had been; and that not many hours had passed before the nugget had been unearthed and carried to a place of safety, and Dr. Kerr and his household were in a fever of excitement over the wonderful fortune that had befallen them.

The nugget was found to be in three pieces, the largest of which was fully a foot in diameter, Each piece was encased in a covering of shining crystal quartz, and all, together, weighed more than two hundred pounds.

How the mass of gold came there no one knows. It must have been washed down by some mountain torrent, or dropped there by some aboriginal, perhaps, long ages before; for nowhere around it was any other gold found, not even a sprinkling of gold dust in the soil of the neighborhood; nor anywhere in the range of hills has any yet been found. Another wonderful "find" is told by a gold hunter who worked at Ballarat. He, too,

by mere accident came upon a nugget larger than he could carry.

Stopping his work one day, he sat down upon a rock to sharpen his knife, by drawing it, in primitive fashion, back and forth upon a sharp edge of



MINERS.

quartz rock. In a few minutes the quartz began to crumble and break away; and lo, in one little place, a spot of shining yellow peeped through.

You may be sure the trained eye of the gold

hunter did not stop to finish putting an edge to his knife, but wholly reckless of the destruction of that useful article, he drove it into the quartz and chipped here and there until he had uncovered a great mass of pure and shining gold.

No gold mining region in the whole world ever yielded in so short a time so great a quantity of the yellow ore as did these mines at Ballarat. Every day men made "fortunes" and returned to their homes with wealth for a lifetime; swarms of adventurers from all countries came to the colony; in one year alone, eighty thousand were added to the population of the colony.

From that time on, Australia has been a steadily growing country both in population and in importance, until now, with its great cities, its wealth of natural products, and its extensive business, we must no longer think of it as a sort of half-civilized, half-populated island somewhere down in the Southern Sea; but as a country as large as our own United States, inhabited by prosperous people.

ADELAIDE.

There is not so very much to be said of the "beautiful Adelaide" as the Australians like sometimes to call this city. It was founded in 1836, by intelligent, well-meaning people, who from its very beginning planned for its future beauty and success.

Some cities, you know, are just thrown together at the beginning; their streets are narrow, the houses set here, and there, and everywhere, regardless of order or convenience or beauty. Such a city as that, or rather, such a beginning, makes no end of trouble by-and-by as it grows larger and more populous. The houses must be pulled down and moved back, the streets widened and straightened, and spaces cleared for parks and public buildings.

But Adelaide, from the first, was built with a view to its future; and the result is we have a city



JUNCTION OF MURRAY AND DARLING RIVERS.

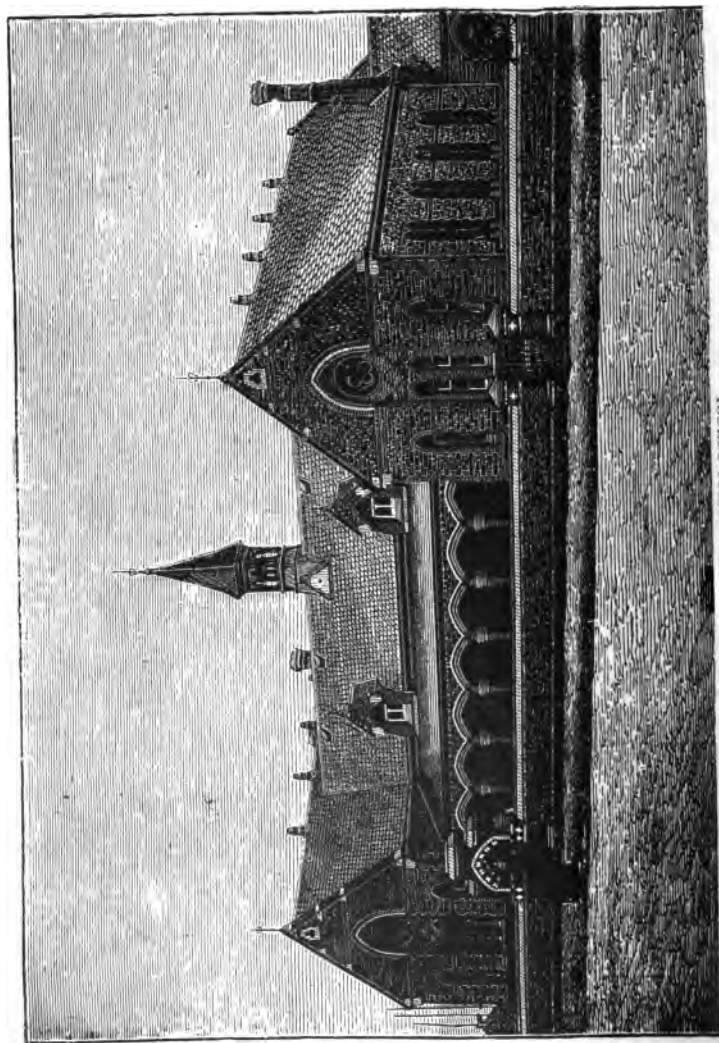
that seems almost ideal, so beautiful and artistic is its appearance.

It has a delightful little harbor; there is a river spanned by graceful bridges, there are parks, and public buildings of great beauty of architecture, and the Botanical garden can well compare with any to be found in Australia.

The city is, for most part, built of a white free-stone and has so many churches that it is called in Australia "the city of churches."

And it has as many schools as churches. Schools, to the Adelaide citizens, are of the very first importance. You do not find old, shabby, wooden school-buildings in Adelaide, nor are the school-rooms packed brimful of children to save the expense to the city. That is not Adelaide's way of carrying on her school system; "Nothing is too good for Adelaide's schools," say the people; and the school buildings, some of them, look like beautiful Art Museums or Libraries.

The Adelaide people are justly very proud of their



AN ADELAIDE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

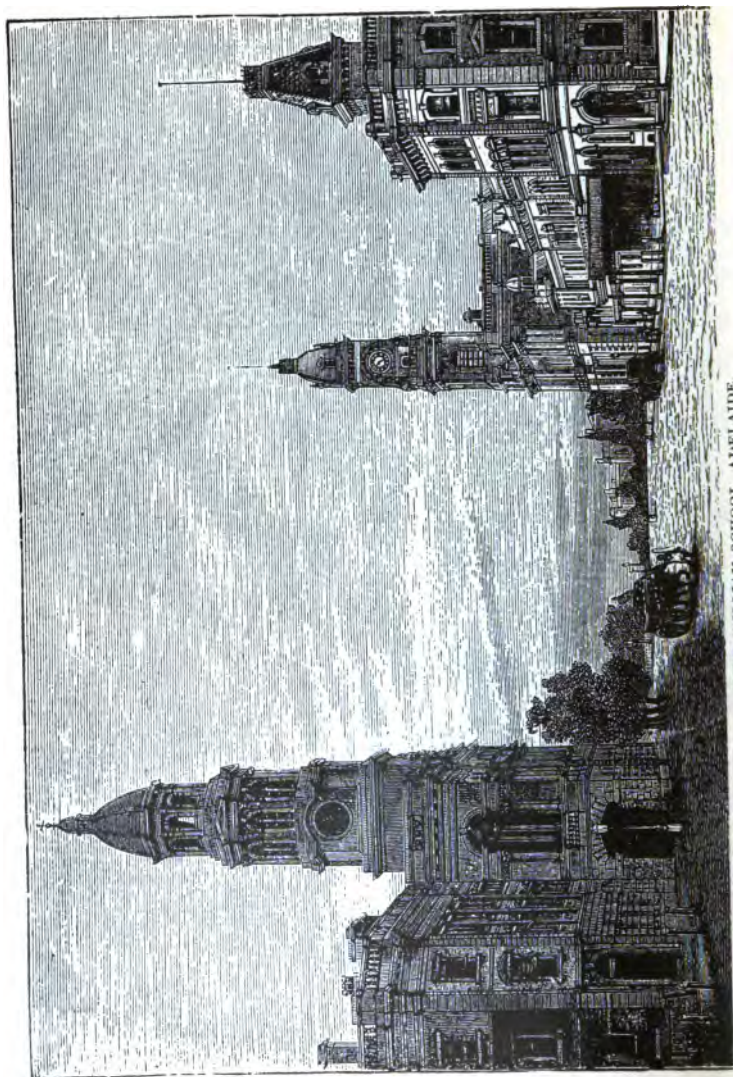
city and its elegance, and are glad to have it spoken of as the Queen City.

Much of its success and the appropriation of its wealth to unstinted school interests is due, so the citizens say, to the fact that from the very beginning the Australian Ballot System was used, thus keeping the direction of the politics of the city in the hands of their best men.

We hear a great deal about the Australian Ballot System here in our own country now-a-days; so let us, as we bid farewell to Adelaide, read about it. Let us see what Adelaide means when she says that much of her success is due to the Australian Ballot System.

Perhaps it would be well to precede a description of how an election is carried on in Australia by how it is carried on in — well, no names used — but in places where the Australian Ballot System is not used.

To begin with, for days and days before election the voter is besieged and worried by persons



KING WILLIAM SCHOOL, ADELAIDE.

who, forgetting all sense of the principle of free will in voting, fret and tease and worry him into a promise to vote this or that ticket. Election day comes; he enters the polling place. From every side flock political "wire-pullers," who show him all sorts of tickets, each one insisting that his ticket is the one to be voted.

If the voter is a young man, or a very old man, or a new man in the country, he becomes so confused by this *mob* of "wire pullers" that he does n't know *which* ticket to vote, nor, after he has voted, is he at all sure which one he *did* vote, in the confusion of men and circulars with which the polling-place was filled.

In this way voting was carried on for some time in Australia, as in most other places in the world where the masses are allowed to vote at all. The people were over-ruled, and bribed or frightened or confused into voting any way and every way. At last Francis S. Dutton, a member of the South Australian Legislature, proposed the secret ballot as

a remedy for all this. For a time it was opposed, even by honest men who were as anxious as was Dutton to see the voting done freely and independently, as in the principles of the government it should be. But in 1857 it was adopted and became a law.

At once there was a remarkable change in the results of the elections. Each voter, as he entered the polling place, passed into a little enclosure, chose his ticket, marked the names of those persons for whom he wished to vote, then passed quietly out about his business. No "wire-puller" had been able to pull him this way or that way, or to thrust upon him this ticket or that ticket. He had voted as he *chose* to vote, which is, of course, the only right way.

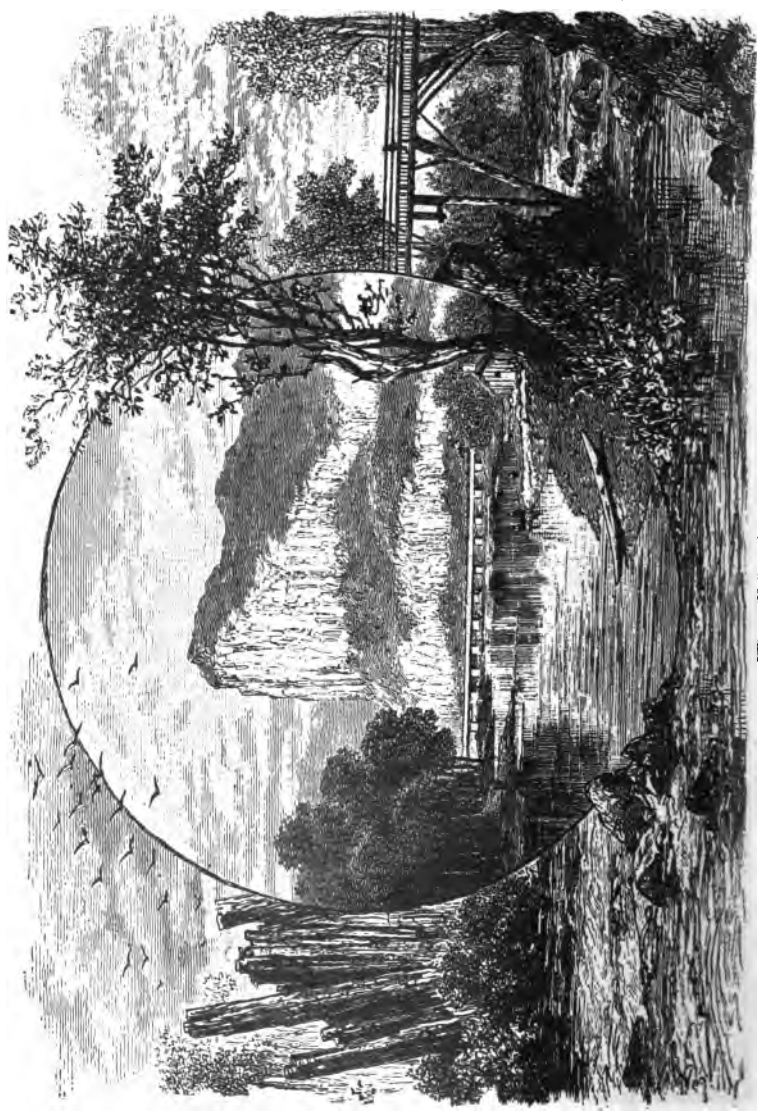
So successful was this Australian Ballot System that it was soon adopted in other countries. In 1872, England adopted it; in 1874, Canada followed. In 1888, Massachusetts adopted it, and since then it has become a law in many States in the Union.

TASMANIA.

Down off the south eastern corner of Australia lies a sunny little island called Tasmania. It was discovered long ago by a Dutch seaman, Abel Tasman, and was named by him Van Diemen's Land, in honor of the governor of the Dutch East Indies.

Van Diemen's Land was first settled in 1803, when the English established a convict station there. Thousands of convicts were sent there, till the very name came to mean in English ears the land of thieves and murderers.

By-and-by when the island came to be populated by good, honest, respectable citizens, and the old convict character of the settlement was entirely lost, the people, naturally enough, were anxious to have a new name for their island—one which was not associated in the ears of the world with robbers and murderers. Accordingly, in 1856, the Legislature was



VIEW IN TASMANIA.

appealed to, and the island received its new name of Tasmania, in honor of its discoverer, Abel Tasman.

Tasmania is not a large island; it is, indeed, only about as large as Scotland, and it has been compared to Scotland, not only in size, but also in the variety and beauty of its scenery. It has rivers and lakes in abundance, broad moors and high mountains. The climate is only a little warmer than the British Isles, and anything that can be produced in England may be produced here, and a great deal more besides. As you reach Tasmania from Australia by steamer, you sail up the Tamar River to Launceston, a city at the junction of the north and south Esk, which together form the Tamar.

The Tasmanians are fond of speaking of their island as the "garden of the world;" and should you chance to visit it in the harvest season, I think you would not doubt that it might be so. Such fruit! such berries! more than can be found use or market for.



CORRA LYNN,
TASMANIA.

Launceston is a beautiful city. Like the Australian cities, it has broad avenues, extensive parks, and fine buildings. There is never any crowded or huddled appearance in these cities; and everything is laid out generously and spaciouly.

The Launceston people always take their visitors to Corra Lynn, a wonderful place up the North Esk, where the river rushes and thunders through a great stone gateway, looking no little like the cañons of the Colorado; to the Cataract Gorge, and to a great whirlpool called the Punch Bowl.

Then there are the Chudleigh Caves in Tasmania, most wonderful caves, about which, sometimes along level ground, sometimes up ladders and across gorges, you can travel more than five miles. There are wonderful chambers in these caves, some of them very beautiful, with sparkling stone and shining stalactites; but they are not so wonderful as the Mammoth Cave of our own country—at least no such wonderful descriptions of them have been given to the world.

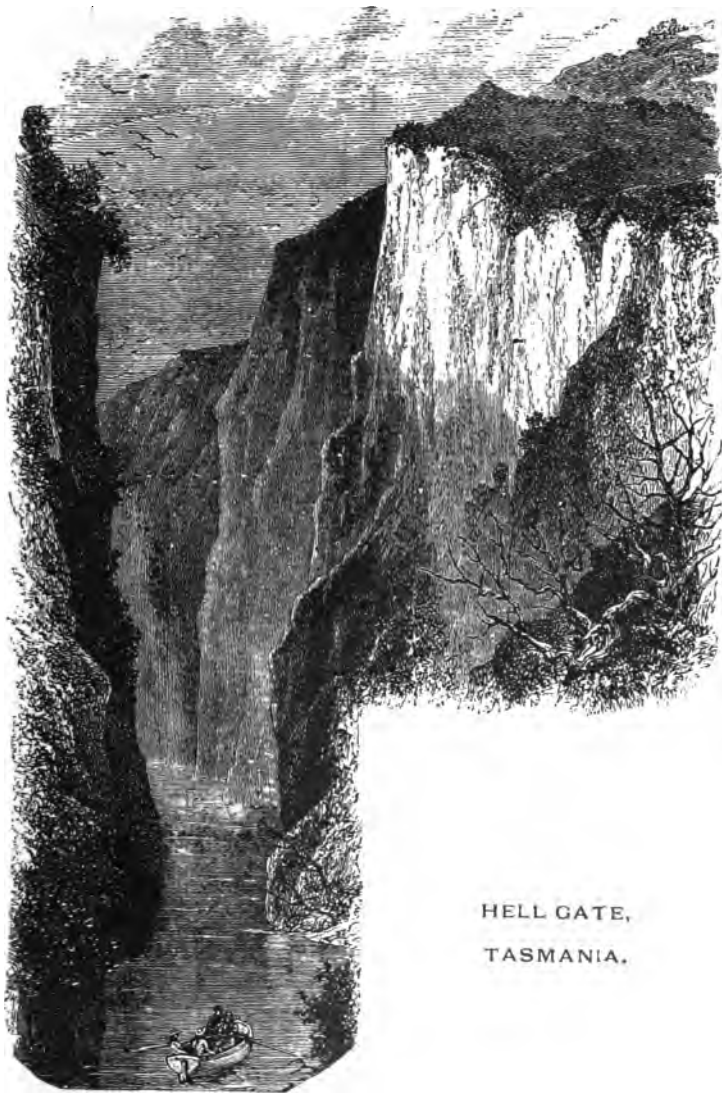
Tasmania has its mines as Australia has its mines. The important ones in Tasmania, however, are tin mines. One tin mine—the most valuable mine of that ore in the whole world, has quite a romantic story attached to it.

Long years ago there was a half-crazed man in the island, who was called "Philosopher Smith." "There is tin on this island," he would say a thousand times a day, to every man he met, and in reply to every question put to him. "There is tin on the island! there is tin on the island!" he would mutter to himself, as, day after day, he wandered up and down the hills, through forests and across rivers.

But people only laughed at him, and "there is tin on the island," became a by-word in every household.

One day the old man rushed into the town, crying, "I have found the tin! I have found the tin!"

Still the people only laughed at him, and he had hard, hard work to find men with money enough to work the mine to listen to his story. A few men, partly as a joke, partly to help the old man, who was badly enough in need of a few coppers, and partly with a shadow of belief in what he said, bought a few shares in the mine. At a few shillings each, they bought shares which in only a few years they were able to sell at £80 per share.



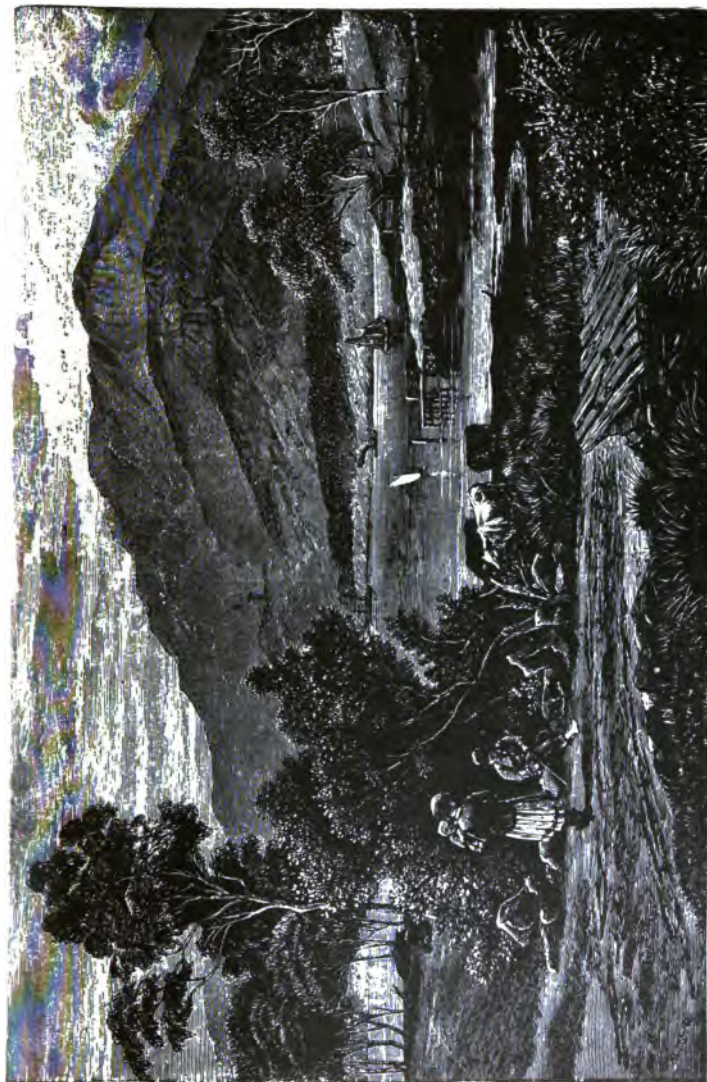
HELL GATE,
TASMANIA.

The capital of Tasmania is Hobart, beautifully situated on seven hills, upon the Derwent River, which comes down from the mountains into a valley of wondrous beauty. The city of Hobart is handsomely laid out, has fine government buildings, and most beautiful suburban residences.

It is a favorite summer resort for Australians, because of the coolness of the climate. It has a great square in which is a monument to Sir John Franklin, the renowned navigator, and who was, at one time, governor of this island. At about three hours sail from Hobart is Port Arthur, the place where convicts were imprisoned.

The great prisons still stand, and an old church, now roofless and windowless, its crumbling walls covered with ivy, makes a very beautiful and picturesque ruin.

In every respect Tasmania is a rapidly growing country. Every year more and more emigrants are attracted towards it; new cities grow up, and old cities grow larger.



VIEW OF MOUNT WELLINGTON, TASMANIA

There are no aboriginals in Tasmania, as there are in Australia. The native Tasmanian is wholly a being of the past.

When the island was first colonized, there were some five thousand of the natives—black, wild looking creatures, very like the aboriginals of Australia.

The reports of their reception of the white people differ greatly. Some say they were a fierce, warlike tribe from the beginning; suspicious and jealous of the white men, and determined by every cruelty and artifice known to their tribe to drive the white people away; that for years it was a daily hand-to-hand fight for existence on the island; and that only by the utter extinction of the whole race through the superior facilities of war known to the white men, was there any hope for a prosperous colonization of the island.

Others say, that the Tasmanian natives received the white men with a gentleness and welcome that was truly childlike in its simple trust and generous

willingness to offer all that was best in their little island; but that the brutal English sailors and soldiers allowed them no quarter, stole from them, lied to them, entrapped them, and dealt with them most cruelly and treacherously, until at last the natives, in self defence, turned upon their persecutors and fought them, on every opportunity, face to face, until they had fallen almost to a man.

Still others say, that when the English appeared off the coast of Tasmania, the natives rushed down in great numbers to the shore. They brandished their arms, yelled and shrieked, all in token of welcome and good will to the white men. But the white men did not understand; they took all this noise and motion to mean menace, and at once they landed, fell upon the unsuspecting savages, and killed them.

Henceforth — and who can blame them? — the savages hated the English and were forever on the alert to injure them. They had no mercy on their white foe, neither had the white foe mercy on them. Fight followed fight until only sixteen savages were



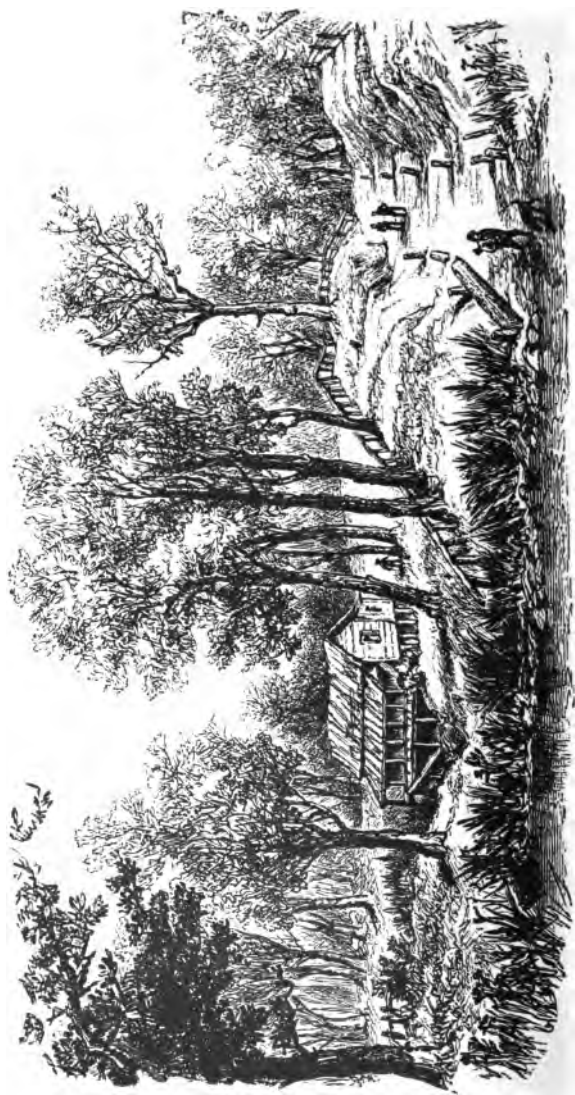
ON THE SOUTH ESK, TASMANIA.

left alive of all the five thousand. And a few months ago there was but one—King Lanny, as he was called. When he died a strange quarrel was set up over his dead body. "We shall keep him," said the scientific men of Tasmania, "in our museum, that the race which he represents may never be forgotten."

"We will have him," said the scientific men of England, "in *our* museum. It belongs to us as the world's authority in science to have his body in our collection." And so the poor Tasmanian, who in life had been so mean an object in the eyes of his conquerors, suddenly came into great importance.

Finally some one cut off his head and smuggled it off to London, where it was received with great rejoicing by the London College of Surgeons. His feet and hands were seized by the Tasmanian Royal Society.

The trunk, we will hope, was laid away in its native soil, out of reach of harm from the cruel white men who had brought such misery into the lives of these simple savages.



A NEW CLEARING.

NEW ZEALAND.

South-east of Australia is the large island of New Zealand. This land is divided by Cook Strait into two unequal parts, which are spoken of by the people as the *North Island* and the *South Island*.

This island was originally discovered by the same Dutchman who discovered Tasmania; but it came into the control of the English through exploration and colonization by Capt. Cook, the English naval officer.

The native New Zealanders treated the white men with kindness, as has always been the way of savages towards the coming white men; but the white men did not treat the savages with kindness, as, again, has always been the way of white men towards the welcoming savages.

The first capital of New Zealand was Auckland; and a delightful capital it was, until, because of the spreading out of the population southward, it became

necessary to make Wellington, a city more central for all, the capital in the place of Auckland.

Auckland was colonized in 1838 by Capt. Hobson, who, recognizing a good site for a city here, landed and set to work in good earnest, laying the foundation for what was so soon to become a flourishing city.

The commercial interests of the city are large. One wharf, at which some forty or fifty vessels may be seen at any time discharging and receiving their cargoes, extends two thousand feet out into the harbor.

The island itself owns two hundred and fifty sailing vessels and from sixty to seventy steamers.

The native New Zealanders call themselves Maoris (*mow-ry*); and there are some forty or fifty thousand of them on the island. There are as many grades of society among the Maoris as there are among white people in any land.

The chiefs and their families are the aristocracy, of course, and fine looking people they are. They were a race of tattooed people when the white men

came; but that custom is going rapidly out of fashion and in every way the Maoris are blending and mixing in the English customs, living in houses, wearing clothes, and keeping their farms; some of them even attain to the dignity of merchants and ship-owners.

The native New Zealanders had no written language until they were taught some years ago by the missionaries; but their store of tradition, legends and songs that have been passed down from generation to generation is exceeded by few people anywhere upon the face of the globe.

These New Zealand natives are rapidly disappearing; but not, this time, so much from ill-treatment from the white men as from wars among themselves. They have an inborn love for war; they preferred fighting to peace; they would fight with their neighboring tribes, or, if there chanced to be no neighborly tribe convenient, they were quite as contented to get up a fight among themselves.

It was no unusual thing for two villages of one

tribe to go to war with each other in the morning, fight savagely all day, killing and wounding as in any war, and then at evening meet together, talk over the day's slaughter in a most friendly manner, and separate very late in the night with the agreement to fight again the next day.

And their wars are very ferocious while they last. It is no pleasure to a New Zealand tribe to fight with an unequal foe ; therefore it was a common thing for the chiefs to meet when war was at hand, and make equal division of ammunition, that the fighting might lose none of the excitement of equal contest which to the New Zealanders was the one glorious feature of warfare.

Often chiefs at war with each other have been known to send out messengers to each other, saying. "We lack food; we cannot keep up the war unless you send us some." And the food was always sent. To be obliged to give up war because of lack of food was like giving up a holiday season because of inclement weather; both

tribes would have gone to their homes sorely disappointed.

But all this is past now; wars have ceased among the New Zealanders, they seem to have entirely lost their taste for broiling and eating one another, and fully one-half of them have learned to read and write and have entered heartily into the missionaries' plans for civilizing and Christianizing them.

Tattooing used to be the universal fashion among the natives. And a fighting man would endure untold agony, that he might present himself in battle hideous (though he did not think so) in scrolls and designs pricked into his skin.

So marvelous was this line of art-development among the New Zealanders, that white men in search of curiosities of any kind to take back to their native lands began offering muskets in exchange for tattooed heads.

Now there was nothing in the world so delightful to a New Zealander as a musket. He would gladly have sold his own head to get a musket; for

think how musket firing enhanced the joy of fighting! Spear hurling, stone pitching, hand-to-hand tomahawking were tame, by the side of the excitement of shooting down whole lines of the enemy with musket discharges.

So the New Zealander, since he could not sell his own head and still enjoy the musket thus purchased, was ready and eager to tattoo every other head in the community, that he might have his opportunity for selling it and getting his coveted musket. Often they would buy muskets from a white man on a sort of installment plan, the very men whose heads they would promise being still alive.

One chief found himself heavily in debt for muskets, which he had thus bought from the white men; ill-luck seemed to attend him in his fighting; not a single tattooed warrior had he succeeded in killing. But his credit must be kept good with the white man.

The chief was not a man to cheat in business.

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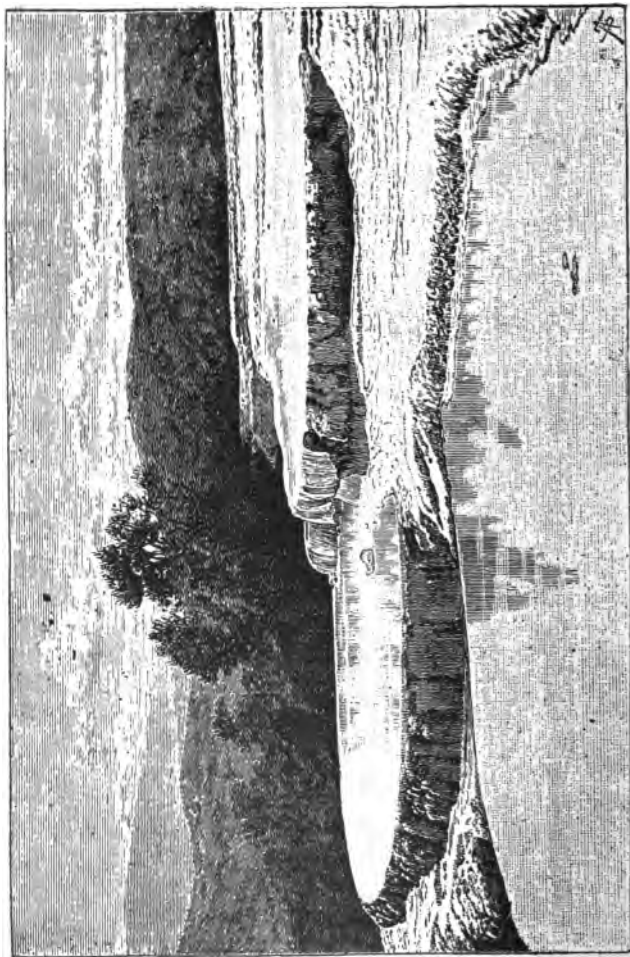
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THE WHITE TERRACES.

NEW ZEALAND MINERAL SPRINGS.

New Zealand has its gold mines, too. At Grahamstown there is quite a little mining done, not in "diggings," but in the ledges following the veins of quartz in which the gold is found. There are mines in other places, Twapeka, Coromandel and other towns; so that gold mining may be remembered as one of the principal interests of New Zealand.

There are in the country five hundred mining companies; there are thousands of men at work continually in the mines, and it is computed that considerably more than \$200,000,000 worth of gold has already been exported from the Island of New Zealand.

But the great natural curiosity of New Zealand is the *Hot Springs*. Wonderful springs they are. So many of them and of such medicinal qualities! If we had those springs with their sulphates,

their chlorides, their acids, their iodine in our northern country it is certain that the whole United States would be cured of all its diseases — that is, if their healing power is as efficient as the New Zealanders declare it to be. And who, pray, should know if not the New Zealanders themselves?

And there are so many of these springs! thousands of them and of all temperatures, from the mere luke-warm to the boiling hot.

A picture of these springs — or a rather a picture of the holes and clefts in the soil from which the stream pours forth, reminds one (especially at that time in the day when each hole or cleft has peeping out from it the head and shoulders of an invalid, who is taking his daily health bath) of certain pictures of the doomed ones in Dante's *Inferno*.

The simple Maoris, little attracted to these springs as scientific phenomena, make most practical use of these jets of hot and boiling water by using them for cooking their food, boiling their potatoes and steaming their shell-fish; and for all they knew,

the geysers were set there for the express purpose of simplifying their house-keeping duties.

It is hardly safe to travel around among these geysers without a guide; for in many places the crust is very thin, and one step in the wrong direction might send you crashing through the soil into a pool of boiling water. Accidents of this nature are not uncommon even among the Maoris themselves.

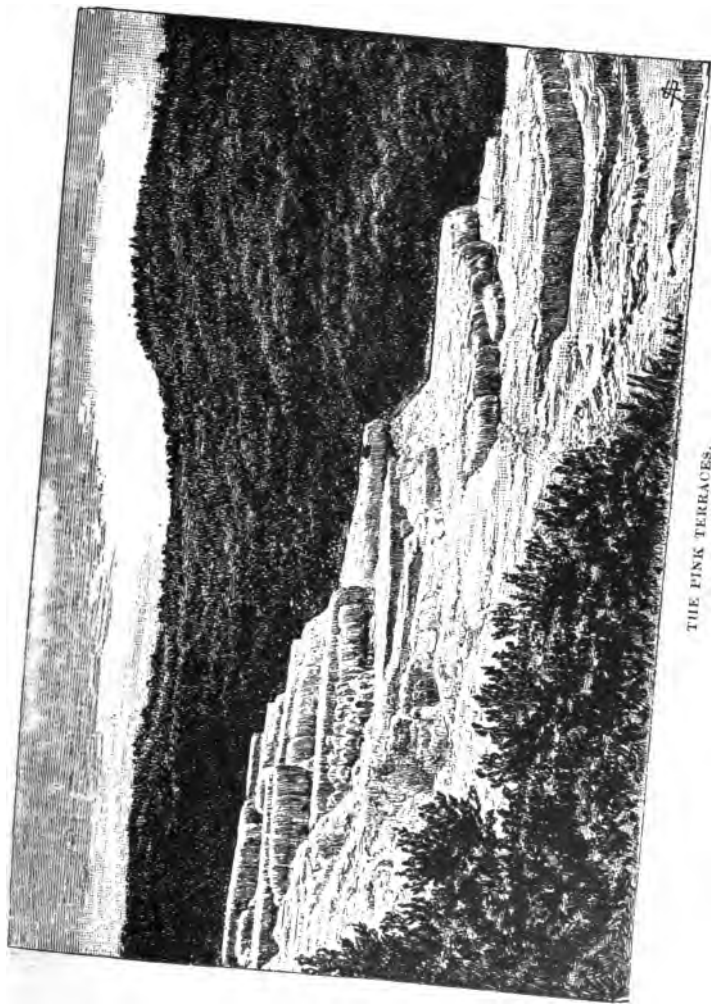
"One of these Maori villages," says the "Boy Travelers in Australasia," "is so completely built on a volcanic foundation that steam rises in every hut, and the little open space in the centre where the village councils are held, is paved with broad stones which are kept warm by the steam in the earth below. Close to the village are several mud-baths where one may sit up to his neck in hot mud for hours. These hot mud-baths are very numerous and in many instances very dangerous. Where they are small, the mud simply boils and bubbles and slowly oozes out of the ground; and

the chief danger lies in breaking through the crust near them and finding yourself plunged in the scalding mush."

The larger mud baths are like the mouth of a well, the mud bubbling up in the centre and forming a ring of dirt that solidifies and offers a good footing, so far as the eye can perceive; but woe betide the unfortunate stranger who ventures to step on it. The crust gives way, and he will be fortunate indeed if he escapes with his life.

At one place in New Zealand there were, some years ago, wonderful white and pink terraces which had been formed by the boiling over and crystallizing of certain minerals found in the spring water. At a distance they looked somewhat like the ice as you sometimes see it partly crusted over a fall of water, or as you sometimes see it along the banks of streams, especially salt streams, that have cut their way through a marsh.

In the sunlight, or better still, in the moonlight, these terraces shone and glistened and sparkled like



THE PINK TERRACES.

a host of gems. The boiling lake from which the water overflowed to form the *white* terraces was some hundred feet wide, and its water boiled year in and year out without ceasing.

The *pink terraces*, so called because of a certain pink tint in the crystallization, looked from a distance like a great flight of marble steps. There was a lake at the top, from the waters of which the pink terraces had been formed. The water was a beautiful deep blue; even the steam arising, taking its reflection from the water, had the same soft color.

Travelers to the lakes always brought away with them branches or leaves or stones, sometimes the wings of birds which, having been dipped in these waters, would take on, when dried, a sparkling crust formed from the silicate in the water.

And now that I have told you all about these beautiful terraces, so wonderful in their formation, so dazzling in their beauty, I must tell you — and it is such a pity! — that a few years ago, at midnight, the country round about was awakened by a

terrible shaking and trembling of the earth. Soon a deafening explosion was heard; and in a moment the sky was one great blaze of light. The volcano of Mt. Tarawera had broken forth! Ashes, dust, cinders and red-hot stone poured out, some of the mass falling and setting fire to fields and houses fifty miles away.

Nor was this all. With one great explosion that made the sky ring and the country tremble for miles around, the earth in the terrace region quaked, and out burst great clouds of mud, and clay, and smoke, and steam, and fire. The great cloud descended, covering the country with mud, swallowing up houses and villages and killing from suffocation the natives for miles around.

Thus, in this night of terror — for so it is called by the natives — the beautiful terraces were destroyed; and to-day nothing is to be seen in their place but a great expanse of dull, barren land stretching miles away, upon which are little vegetation and few houses; while behind, rising sharp

against the horizon, holding its head as serenely in the sunlight as if nothing had ever happened, stands, among others, that volcanic peak whose bursting forth brought all this destruction and desolation to the country.



▲ LAKE VIEW.

THE SOUTH ISLAND.

When the white population spread out over New Zealand and commerce sprang up here and there along the coast, it became necessary to change the capital from Auckland to the more central city, Wellington.

There were many other reasons besides that of its central location for choosing Wellington. One was its harbor, certainly the safest and largest harbor on the island. Another, its advantageous position just on the strait which separates the North Island from the South Island.

It is an enterprising city. Nearly everything under the sun is manufactured there, and it is rapidly growing. But large as it is and larger as it promises to be, its Government Buildings are large enough to accommodate all the islands of the South Sea for centuries to come. One building covers an area of two acres and is said to be the

largest wooden building in the world. Then there are other government buildings, — the Provincial Buildings, Legislative Halls, telegraph and postal departments, and schools, churches and hotels without number. And there are theatres, a college, and a museum that would do credit even to London itself.

Wellington has in times past suffered much from earthquakes, which accounts for the large proportion of wooden buildings, even among the very largest. It is prettily situated on the coast, the hills sloping down almost to the very waters.

Upon these hill-sides are the residences; and the business part of the city has been built out, little by little, into the sea, in order to make level room for the necessities of manufacture and trade.

Going out from the Wellington province, we come to the Egmont volcano, a high, pointed mountain very difficult to ascend, but which, if it has no other use, is a valuable land-mark for vessels coming in from sea.

Farther on is the Canterbury Province. Here we come upon the old and familiar occupation of sheep-raising and wheat-raising. And in a scientific manner is this carried on, you may be sure. There is a large agricultural college with five hundred acres of land upon which the students are taught practically; and every year proves to the Canterbury College Board of Governors, in the improvement of farms throughout the Province, that the teaching is wise and practical, and best of all is appreciated and put into practice by the pupils.

But the farmers have one foe that even the colleges cannot quite overcome, and that is the rabbit. These rabbits were brought from England some years ago for food and for game.

Little did the people realize what a pest they would prove themselves to be. The country came to be overrun with them. They ruined the grass, they ate the grain, they plundered the barns and store-houses.

They were like Bishop Hatto's rats — or the rats of the Pied Piper of Hamelin — except that *these* rats, the white pink-eyed rats of Canterbury, would succumb neither to music nor menace; no, nor prayers nor poison, traps nor treaties.

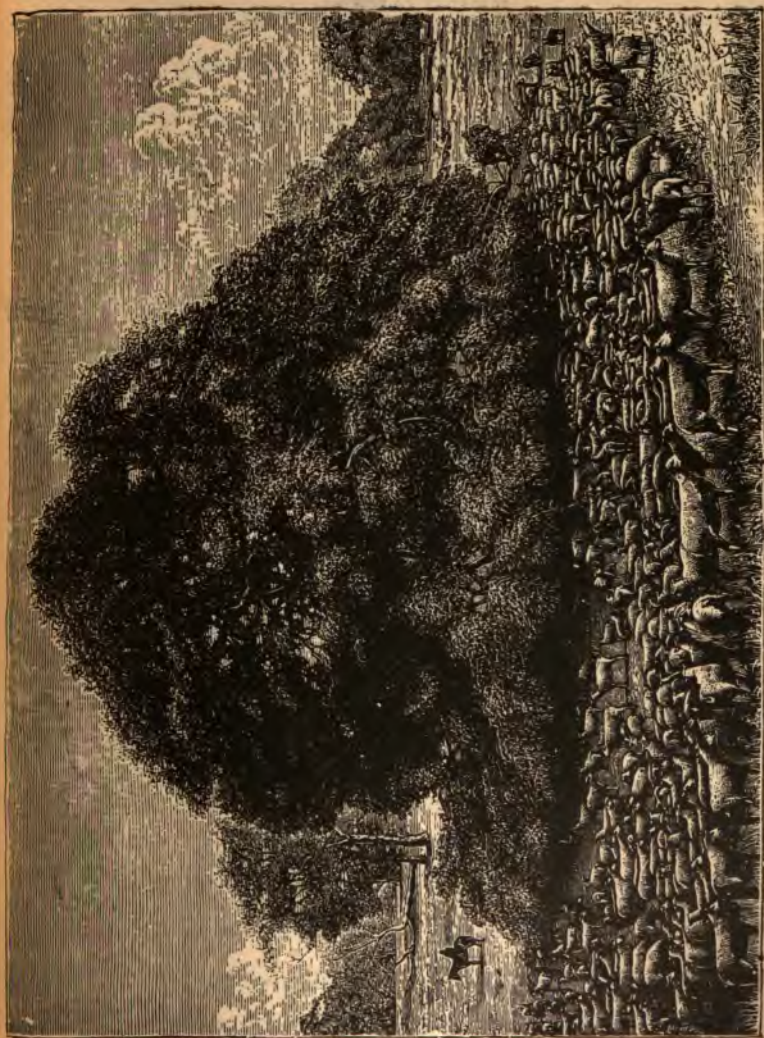
Many and many a farmer's entire pasturage has been ruined by the rabbits, and the loss to this one island alone cannot be estimated even in millions.

There is another terror to the sheep-owners, though it is nothing in comparison with the rabbit. And it is the last living creature on the face of the globe that you would think of if you were to try to guess the name of this second pest.

It isn't an animal at all. But a bird, and that bird, the common green parrot.

Did you ever notice a sheep as he hangs in the butcher shop? And do you remember that around the kidneys there is a mass of fat? Well, if you don't the parrot does; and for some reason or other, he has for that fat an especial fondness.

It seems to be to him what candy is to the



SHEEP IN THE SHADE OF A GUM TREE.

small boy and girl of America. And like the small boy or girl of America, he feels that, come what will, his taste must be pampered.

So he watches his chances among the flocks, and when they are quietly grazing, he sweeps down upon them, tears with his great strong bill into the live sheep's back, just above the kidneys, and extracts the coveted morsel of fat.

The poor sheep, defenceless, drags himself to his master's fold, where too often he dies from his wound. For a long time the farmer could not understand the cause of these wounds, which were found always in the same spot. At last a herdsman gave himself up to watching.

By-and-by he saw a parrot come down from the forest, alight among the sheep, and look carefully around. The sheep, knowing well their foe, set up a great noise and ran away in fright. But the parrot this time only plumed his feathers and flew back to his tree. But the herdsman was suspicious of him now and watched more closely still.

The next day another parrot flew down; again the sheep ran away, this time pursued by the parrot, who alighted upon the back of a lamb and began to tear away the wool.

Thus the mystery was solved; and henceforth a premium was placed upon the head of every parrot brought into the towns by hunters or trappers, and it is hoped that in a few years this pest may be exterminated.

Of the wheat fields, there is little to say. The interior is peculiarly well adapted to wheat raising, but it is more profitable to use the land for other purposes.

On those farms where it is raised for home consumption, it is cultivated and harvested, threshed and ground in the same way, by the same methods, and with the same machinery used in any wheat region in India or in America.

The wheat farmer, too, has a pest peculiar to his field. There is the rabbit that is *everywhere*; but for the wheat farm there is also the English

sparrow which some years ago was brought to New Zealand to kill off the caterpillars. Alas, the caterpillars are controlled, but the sparrow is in itself by far the greater of the two evils.

The sparrow is not a favorite, therefore, in New Zealand any more than it is here in America, where, all too late, we have learned of its disagreeable traits, and its uncomfortable qualities.

On the South Island are mountains, snow-crowned and cloud-tipped, that are sometimes called the Alps of New Zealand. One mountain, M't Cook, is as difficult to climb as ever was the famous M't Blanc.

There are glaciers in these mountains, great sheets of ice, and to the very base of the mountains, signs of ancient moraines, formed, no doubt, far back in those ice ages of the world's history of which we know so little, but of which it is so pleasant always to speculate.

Then there is the busy little city of Dunedin, a Scotch city, in the great square of which stands a

bronze statue of their loved Scotch poet, "Robbie Burns."

Going on from Dunedin, the scenery becomes more beautiful, up among the mountains even magnificent. If the mountains are to be dignified with the name of New Zealand Alps, certainly the lakes deserve as marked distinction.

The Scotch at Dunedin like to compare them with the bonny lakes of Scotland; but they are more like the lakes of Switzerland.

And here we are far down the South Island. Shall we travel back to Auckland and take the steamer for the Fijis?

If we were "truly" traveling, very likely we should be obliged to; but in such aerial flights as these we are taking, we are dependent upon no such material conveniences or inconveniences. With us it is "To the Fijis!" — when lo, presto, change, turn a leaf,—and we are there!



A COAST VIEW

THE FIJI ISLANDS.

Of the so-called Fiji Islands there are about two hundred and fifty, some of them overcrowded, others uninhabited, having in all an area less than the State of Massachusetts.

Once these islands had a large population of some two hundred and fifty thousand; but when the white men came, the natives soon began to go

the way of all natives when white men come bringing their higher civilization.

In a few years the native population had fallen to one hundred and eighty thousand; and then in the year of 1875, fully a third of all these were swept off by that most innocent disease, the measles.

Think of it! Sixty thousand people dying in one year from the measles!

But this is how it happened. It was brought first by the Fiji King, who had been on a visit to Sydney, and there chanced to take the disease just in time for it to be at its very best stage for inoculation as he reached his home.

At his home reception, given as soon as he had landed, his subjects, hovering over him, kneeling before him, pressing their foreheads to his hands and his feet, as was the Fiji custom, all contracted the disease, and then it spread out through the people.

Now if you have ever had the measles, you remember first of all you sneezed or coughed, you

were chilly, by-and-by you were burning up with fever. You felt as if you had taken a very heavy cold. Perhaps you never suspected that you had anything but a heavy cold, until one day you began to have a strange speckled appearance.

Then your mother said, "The measles, as I live!" and you were put to bed and every effort was made to keep you warm, and secure you against draughts, so that the measles would "come out." And measles, like many another mystery, is nothing when "well out."

But the poor Fijis knew nothing of the nature of the disease, still less of its treatment.

When the fever came on they would rush into the water for a cooling bath, and it was a long time before the English officers could prevail on them to take the proper measures in the treatment of the disease.

So much for the Fijis who have died; now let us turn our attention to those who still live to grace their islands.

The Fijis have not been of interest very long to the civilized nations of Europe and America; and even when they did come into notice, it was under most unfortunate circumstances — when all the rogues and the criminals from Australia and New Zealand, had taken it upon themselves to escape to the Fijis to evade work and the law.

At this time it is said, that a certain respectable little colony of honest workmen found it necessary to make their first solid public building a jail, for the lodgment of the rogues that every day landed in the Fiji ports.

But year by year the possibilities of the island for tropical production began to force themselves upon the attention of the business world; until at last colonies were located there, and the islands began to take on the nature and respectability of the South Sea Islands—New Zealand and Australia.

Here on the Fijis we find the bread-fruit and the cocoanut tree, thousands of acres being planted with these trees and carefully cultivated.

Sugar and molasses are largely exported, and you can hardly mention a fruit or a vegetable that does not grow luxuriantly under the delightful climate of the Fiji Islands.



NATIVES OF FIJI.

But you will say these pages begin to sound like a geography—that driest of all books of travel.

The Fiji native is very dark, much darker than

the natives of other islands in this part of the world; and the most remarkable thing about his appearance is the immense crop of hair which it is his pleasure to cultivate.

Often his head with its halo of hair measures three feet across. It is amazing how proud these Fijians are of their hair. Let a fashionable young native desire to make himself especially fine, preparatory to some social occasion, and he will spend a whole day at the barber's, having the hairs of his head, one by one, pulled out to their full length, and each one laid in its place.

When this is done, the young Fijian covers his head all over with a sort of muslin bag, and thus sallies forth to captivate Fijian society.

The royal barbers, that is, the barbers whose care it is to attend the hair-dressing of his royal highness, the king, are held in such sacred reverence that they are allowed to do no work, not even to feed or dress themselves with those sacred hands which are chosen to arrange the royal locks of the king.

The Fijian natives are a very polite people, it is said. Among the nobility there is as much ceremony as among the nobility of a European court.

In the cities the Fijians, especially the favored



NATIVE HUT.

nobility, have adopted largely the European manner of dress; but back in the interior among the mountains they still wear only their one garment, a sort of band around their waists.

But the hair suffers no neglect, no matter how far inland or how far up in the mountains the Fijian is found. Though he scorn clothes, his hair is as carefully dressed as in the politest circles of Fijian city and court life.

Imagine a group of these savages dancing about with these wonderful shocks of hair. Truly their hair is to them what religion is to the Brahmin—the one thing altogether worthy a life of devotion. Indeed, the Fijian hair is a care both night and day to its owner. By day it must be forever watched, twisted a little here, pulled out a little there; and at night the poor Fijian must lie with his neck carefully adjusted across a little cricket-like arrangement of wood, so that his hair may be kept in order.

No one but a fashionable boarding-school girl, with crimps in damp weather, can sympathize with the unfortunate Fijian with his weight of hair.

The Fijians are a race of chronic liars. Not that they lie especially to deceive, nor yet for any selfish reasons.



NATIVE ENCAMPMENT.

Indeed, it may have been from these people that the expression, "he lied even when truth would have served him better," has arisen.

With the Fijian lying is an accomplishment; something to be cultivated, like his hair. And a Fijian with a shock of hair and a cultivated art for lying is a hero indeed!

One favorable feature of the native Fijian is that when he is angry he is never noisy. He grows, on the contrary, very still — ominously still. When a chief, for example, is offended with a neighboring tribe, he says nothing; but with a black scowl that speaks whole volumes, he drives down into the soil a stick of wood.

This is his Presidential message to his foe — and the foe understands it, every word.

We have been taught to look upon the Fijians as most marked cannibals. That they were cannibals is most sure; but whether they were more cannibal than other ocean islanders or whether the stories of cannibalism chanced to be told first of this



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When a chief, for example, is offended with a neighbor, he says nothing; but with a black ink-bottle and a quill pen, he writes down whole volumes, he drives down the page with a stick of wood.

He sends a confidential message to his foe — and

he reads it, every word.

When the Europeans look upon the Fijians

they are often surprised. That they were can-

not be so much as whether they were more

than the islanders or whether the

of the islanders was to be told first of this

These cannibal Fijians were fastidious in their taste for bakola. White men were never eaten — lucky for the white man — because his flesh was insipid and tasteless, and beside, it was usually tainted with tobacco.

Of the truth of the last there is no doubt, we should say; thus for once tobacco smoking was an advantage and a protection to the white man.

On the occasion of a great feast of bakola, the Fijis had a great dance, a peculiar dance, fantastic and horrible, as certainly was fitting to the occasion. I would attempt to describe it to you; but a description of it such as I once read in a book of travels, would make your hair stand on end. Who knows but you might dream of cannibals and cannibal dances all night long.

Let us move along to something not less interesting, perhaps, though far less horrible.

There is the *balola*, for example. You do not know the Fijians until you know of their *balola* festival.

The balola is a strange sort of a living creature of the sea. From his shape you might call him a worm, from his residence you might call him a fish, from the fact that he comes out from his hiding-place under water, only twice in the year—once in October, once in November,—you might call him a veritable hermit.

But it is strange how he knows just when those days come and never fails to appear at the surface of the water at just the same regular intervals, keeping wholly out of sight all the rest of the year.

He is a strange looking creature, too—like a slippery, slimy thread, in length, anywhere from an inch to a yard.

All over this thread, which we call the creature himself, are any number of smaller, slimier white threads, extending like feelers in all directions, and serving, no doubt, as a sort of floaters for the seaworm.

The native Fijians know exactly when the balola is to appear, and accordingly make great prepa-

ration for it; especially for the November appearing, which from the greater number of balola, they call the Great Balola.

These worms are all of many colors — red, green, brown, purple, often whitish; and when their day for veining the broad ocean from its surface comes, the sea, as far as eye can reach, is one mass of writhing, wriggling balola.

The balola arise at midnight, remain upon the water till sun-rise, then gradually sink from sight, to appear no more until the same night of the next year.

On this occasion the natives go out in boats, in canoes, on rafts—anything that will float, to catch the balola.

From midnight to sunrise, every native is hard at work with scoops and ladles filling his baskets with the balola, to be carried, after sunrise, to the shores to be sold.

Everybody buys balola — that is, every native does,—and baskets upon baskets of it are sent into the interior of the islands, to those less fortunate

natives who may not attend the festival, but who, none the less, are ready to enjoy the eating of the balola. Very likely you and I would hardly enjoy the taste; but the natives declare there is nothing like it, nothing half so good; and perhaps they are right — like many another choice dish in our own country, the enjoyment of it may depend to a great extent upon the fashion.

In no country on the face of the globe, say the missionaries who have for so many years labored so faithfully among the Fijis, were the people so slow to be redeemed from their heathenish ideas and customs.

But the change when finally brought about was genuine, and the Fijis entered heart and soul into their new beliefs and new ways of living.

Indeed, it is said that in some sections of the country, so exceedingly converted to Christian customs have they become, that neither for love nor for money could you induce a Fijian to climb a cocoa-nut tree for you on a Sunday, though you


be hungering and thirsting, literally, for the juicy fruit.

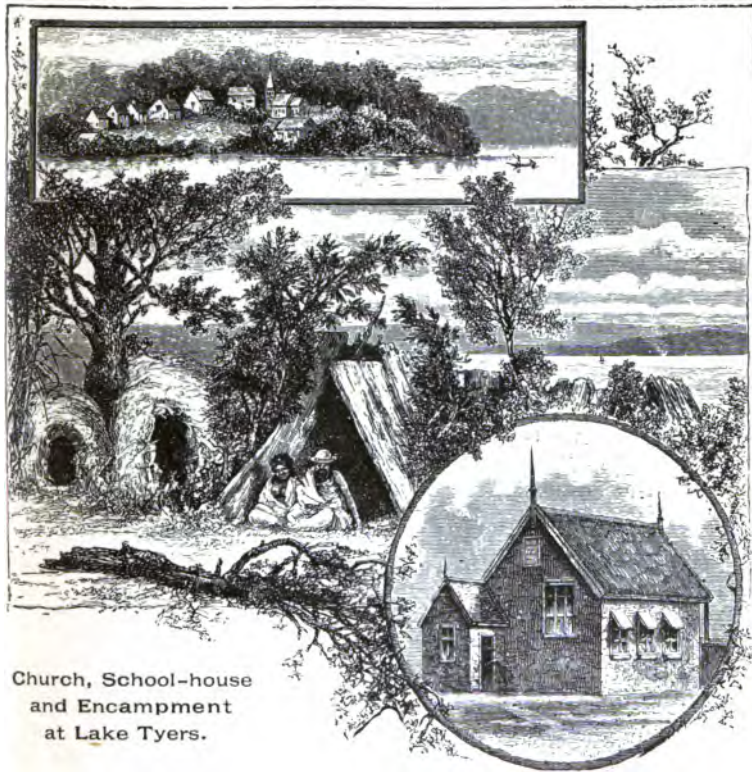
A wonderful training of conscience, you will see, since the times when lying was considered a fine art; when bakola feasts were the great events of the year, when life was held in so little reverence that no public service was considered complete without one or more human sacrifices; when at the death of a chief his family held it a privilege to be buried alive with him that they might accompany him in his future life.

You would be amused to attend a Fijian church service in any one of the small towns, where the Fijians have not yet adopted entirely the modern ideas of church ceremonies.

In such a town you would find the worshipers squatted upon mats, in groups or in semi-circles around upon the floor of the church.

To this audience, some Fiji preacher talks with great speed and earnestness, shouting and gesticulating to make more emphatic his meaning — or





perhaps it may be to keep his people awake; for it is no uncommon thing to see the heads of these

squatting Fijians nid — nid — nodding in the midst of the most eloquent discourse.

There is always one native who plays the part of the tithing man, tapping (not over gently) upon the heads of these sleepy listeners, whenever he catches one of them showing lack of interest.

At the close of their service the natives always sing — and how they will roll out their voices! — some old-fashioned tune that we often hear in our own churches, here in our own country.

Must it not be strange to hear from these half-civilized, half-dressed, bush-headed natives the good old tunes of Antioch, Bethany, Lyons, ringing out upon the air?

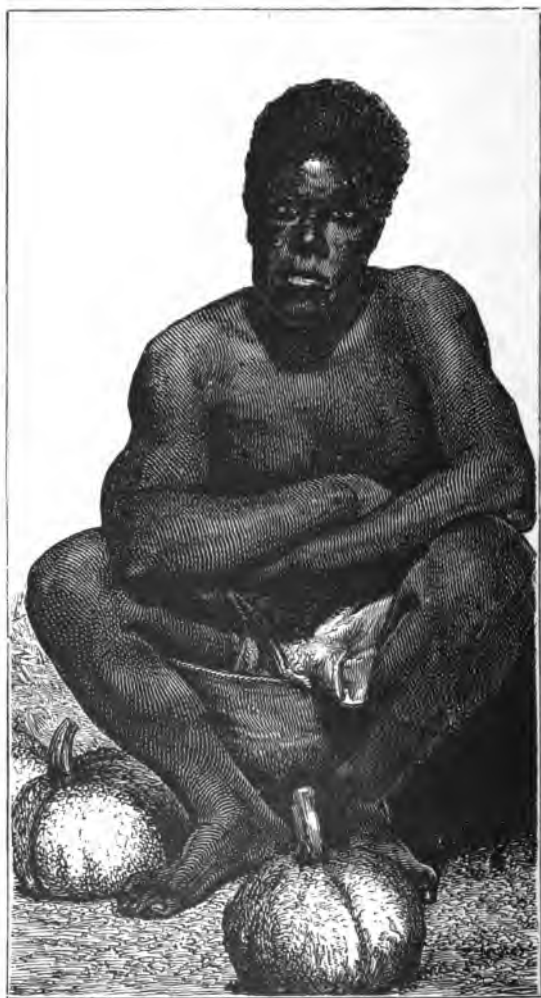
The Fijians take kindly to education also. A very large proportion of the natives already read and write far better than many an American voter; and judging from the pride and interest with which they watch the progress of their children in the schools, the next generation bids fair to be a people of more than ordinary intelligence.

NEW CALEDONIA.

There is, just north of New Zealand, one island which it will, I think, be well worth our time to visit before sailing away from this part of the ocean.

This island, named New Caledonia, is two hundred and forty miles long, is very mountainous, and has on the whole a rather barren, bleak appearance. The soil is a peculiar red clay, not at all fertile; but this lack is made up to the natives in that there is a bread-fruit tree, "indigenous to the soil;" as botanists say, which supplies in great part food for the natives. I am sure I don't know what would become of them, if it were not for the bread-fruit; for certainly the soil is such that no amount of labor on the part of the people could produce enough corn or grain for them to live upon.

There are few tracts of land, where fruit and berries are to be found; and as to animal food, natives of so warm a climate care very little for that.



NATIVE OF NEW CALEDONIA, WITH BREAD-FRUIT.

The Caledonians have a curious legend in relation to this bread-fruit tree. They believe that in the reign of some king of long ago, the people fed upon the red earth itself, which very likely accounts for the scarcity of even this soil in some of the more bare and rugged parts of the island. But this king had a little son, who, for some reason, could not eat this red soil of his people. He was weak and sickly, and there was great fear that the little prince would die.

But one day, there came a vision to the king; and a voice said to him, "Save the prince. Go thou and die; have thy head buried in one place, thy heart in another, thy trunk in another, thy arms in another, and thy legs in another. From these parts of thy sacrificed body, there shall spring up trees the branches of which shall grow food which shall nourish the little prince."

This vision the king told to his wife, who of course could not doubt the truth of a command to her husband from the gods. By-and-by the king

died. And in the night, the queen heard just outside her window, where the heart of her husband had been buried, a crackling as of the opening of a leaf; then of a flower; then a sound as of the falling of a fruit. At daylight she went forth with the little prince. Sure enough! there stood a great tree with broad, shining leaves and with loads of fruit.

"Eat," said the mother. And the little prince ate; ate all day long; for so long had he been without food, that it took much to fill him. By night time, he looked hardly like the same boy; so fat and plump and healthy-looking had he grown.

Whether this story is true or not — and the Caledonians would be surprised indeed, if you should doubt it — the bread-fruit tree is certainly a remarkable and a useful tree.

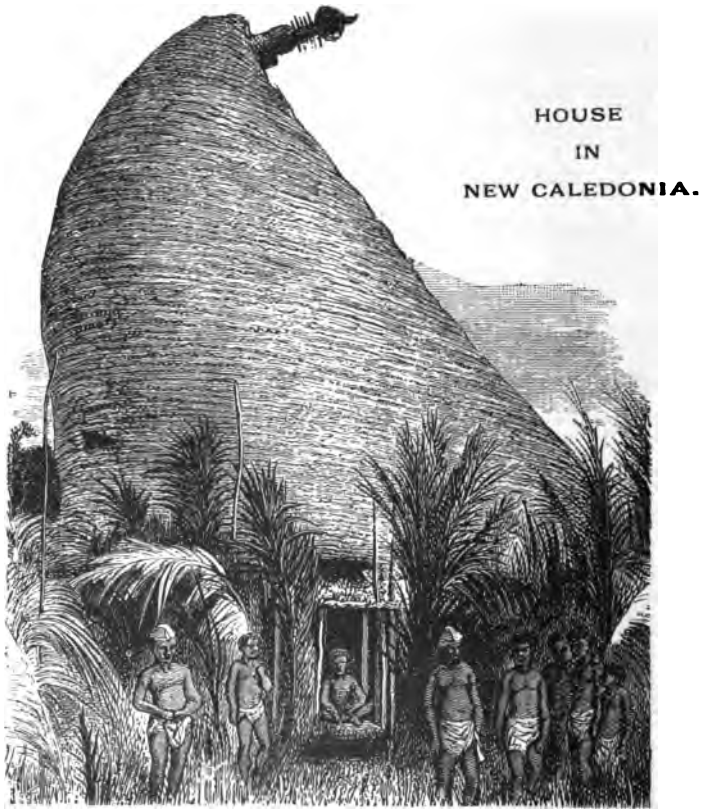
The trunk is covered with a light colored, rough bark, and it shoots up, palm-like, many feet before branches are put out. It is a handsome tree. The great broad leaves are a rich green, very smooth and

glossy. The fruit, first a pale green, then a brown, and at last, when ripe, a rich yellow, is oval in shape, and hangs usually in clusters close to the branches of the tree.

This fruit is never eaten raw. The common way of preparing it is to cut it in slices and roast it between layers of leaves, upon hot stones, where it is allowed to bake some twenty or thirty minutes.

Sugar canes and cocoa-nut trees grow in Caledonia, but they are not very abundant. There are quantities of fish on the coast, large numbers of turtles, and in some parts of the island many birds of all kinds. But one strange thing is, that before Europeans brought them to the island, such an animal as a horse, or a dog, or a cat — or any four-legged animal, as to that matter — was almost unheard of among the natives.

The Caledonians themselves are a tall, fine-looking people, straight and strong. Their hair is frizzly; and they have a comical way of bringing it up and tying it in a bristling bunch on the top of



the head. Sometimes they make two bunches of it, training them to stand out like horns or brushes above the ears; though very often they allow it to

frizzle out over their whole heads, growing as it pleases, only taking care that it shall not grow long and so be bothersome to take care of.

The houses of the Caledonians are peculiar, indeed. I am glad I need not try to describe them to you. They are beyond description, I am sure. So just look at the picture and see for yourself.

The Caledonians are great fishermen. Indeed, they have to be; for excepting the bread-fruit there is little they can find to eat upon the island; and they have no choice but to make it up from the fishes that swarm about the coast.

The Caledonians look upon their chiefs with great reverence. Indeed, they come into their presence always crawling and crouching, begging always for their lives.

There is one Caledonian game that is peculiarly their own. It is called "pilou-pilou," and a wonderful amusement it is. A French author in describing it writes as follows:

"A party of travelers had paid a visit to the

island, and were about to leave it, when they were dreadfully alarmed by seeing a long file of Kanaks approaching, armed, tattooed and blackened, and brandishing their hatchets, their clubs, and their redoubtable lances: they came nearer and nearer, and at last placed themselves before the Frenchmen.

"At the same time two men seated themselves on the turf opposite the troops of warriors, one holding a flute and the other a hollow bamboo, upon which they began to play. The travelers at once recognized the festival sound, and their fears disappeared.

"It was a 'pilou-pilou,' which the chief of the district was offering in their honor on the occasion of their departure. The principal attraction of the performance was a native ornamented with the New Caledonia mask. This is a frightful gigantic head of wood, at the mouth of which the man who wears it looks out. Human hair makes a great wig for it, and its lower part is surrounded by a net covered with bird's feathers. The Kanak honored with the wearing of this advanced towards the spectators

from the sea-shore by way of allusion to their arrival in the island. He danced a long time before his comrades, who accompanied him, brandishing their spears above his head, agitating their arms in time, and making a sort of panting whistle.

"After this exhibition the chief placed himself in front of the line, and made a sort of address to the departing guests, with long pauses now and then, during which the Kanaks joined in an ear-piercing howl. The address was chiefly a series of good wishes and kind expressions to the Frenchmen, such as—"Our friends are going to leave us, they are going to set out to-morrow on the great sea. May the winds be favorable to them. May they find the sea calm and gentle, and arrive safe in port."

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

But there is another group of islands in the Pacific that present as wonderful a change in the customs of their people as do the Fijis. And this group is the Hawaiian or the Sandwich Islands.

Let us go at once to their great city, Honolulu, with its pretty little harbor reached only through a narrow channel which protects and fortifies the bay within, and so helps to make secure the city itself.

This harbor is believed to be the basin of a coral reef, and is, therefore, so perfectly land-locked that its waters, like those of so many of the lagoons in the oceans, are as quiet as the waters of an inland lake.

In one respect Honolulu reminds one of Auckland — in that behind it rises a line of volcanic mountains.

Then, too, the town, built partly up the base of the mountain, slopes gradually to the very water's edge.

•

Again here in this group of islands we hear of the famous navigator, Captain Cook, who came here in 1778, and named them in honor of Lord Sandwich, a nobleman of his country.

It was at Hawaii, the largest of the group, that Captain Cook was killed. The story goes as follows: The natives had over and over again annoyed and angered the Captain by stealing from his ship, from his crew, from himself even, anything and everything they could lay their hands upon.

The Captain was maddened by these repeated thievings. "They shall beg for this," said he. And with a band of his bravest men, he rowed to the shore, determined to seize upon the king of the tribe that had so offended him, and take him prisoner.

But the savages, knowing perhaps how well they deserved attack, were on the alert; and no sooner had the Captain landed than they rushed upon him and killed him.

His body (so some reports say) was eaten by the



MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN COOK.

victorious savages, who amid the festival dances with which victory was always celebrated, screamed and sang, and with howls of delight threw his bones high in the air, fighting and scrambling for them, as they fell again to the earth.

Other reports say that cannibalism had entirely disappeared from the islands before even Captain Cook reached them; but at any rate all agree that he was killed by the natives in Kealakeahua bay on the island of Hawaii.

It was not until 1820 that missionaries came to the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands and the work of civilization began. Already the change is remarkable.

Then the natives were mere ignorant, idol-worshipping savages. Now they are civilized and Christianized. and hardly one of them but can read and write. Every child is compelled to attend school, and upon every voter in the country there is an especial tax of two dollars to be used for school purposes only.

Everywhere there are schools and churches, the very first of the native churches being built at Honolulu.

At Honolulu also is the first American church — a little chapel which, it is said, was built in Boston, and sent, in pieces, ready to be put together, around Cape Horn to the Sandwich Islands.

There are now more native churches in the islands than are needed; not that the Islanders have cooled in their religious interest, but because, as we have read of all these savage countries, the native population has so decreased in numbers.

With all its advantages, civilization seems always to have this effect upon the people who are brought under its influence. Why it is so, whether it is to be rejoiced over or deplored and what lessons we may draw from it, I leave you to think out for yourselves.

Strange, is n't it, that every nation, every people on the face of the earth, has some one article of food, some one custom or belief, which, to all other

nations and people, is utterly unpleasant, distasteful — at any rate incomprehensible?

For illustration, there is the dreadful liquid from



HAWAIIANS EATING POI.

the cactus plant — a drink which to an American palate is like sour mucilage — but in which the Mexican rejoices himself; then there was the sea-

worm of the Fijians, and now in Hawaii, we find the national dish from the taro-root.

This taro-root is cultivated carefully, no home in Hawaii being considered home at all without a garden of it.

The taro-root is prepared for eating by first being baked in an oven, and then being pounded very fine, and finally mixed with water. The natives then allow it to stand until it has fermented and changed into a nauseating, sour paste which they call "poi" — then it is ready for food, and a delicious food the natives declare it be.

The climate of these islands is even and delightfully cool. As to the rainfall, you must not forget that the islands lie in the line of the eternal trade-winds and are therefore subject to them.

Should you ask in Hawaii what the weather was likely to be before night, the natives would hardly appreciate the force of your question; for rainfall here is a matter of location, not of time.

At Honolulu, for example, you may sit forever

in the sunshine; but if you travel to the windward side of the island a change will greet you. You may sit *there*, forever, in the rain.

Honolulu is not as spaciouly laid out a city as were the cities of Australia and New Zealand which we have so recently visited. The streets are rather narrow; the houses are plain, mostly of wood, and excepting of course the beautiful villas of the wealthy few, are inexpensively built.

The public buildings, too, are less striking than those of the cities mentioned, although they are large enough and well enough for all practical purposes. Honolulu's chief beauty, then, lies in its grand background of volcanic mountains, and in its wonderful tropical trees and plants.

Of these there is a profusion; and as in the court yards of the fine residences, they sparkle in the evening light or throw their dense shade across the pavements, they make the scene one of rare richness and beauty, not unlike those of India, that garden of tropical wealth.

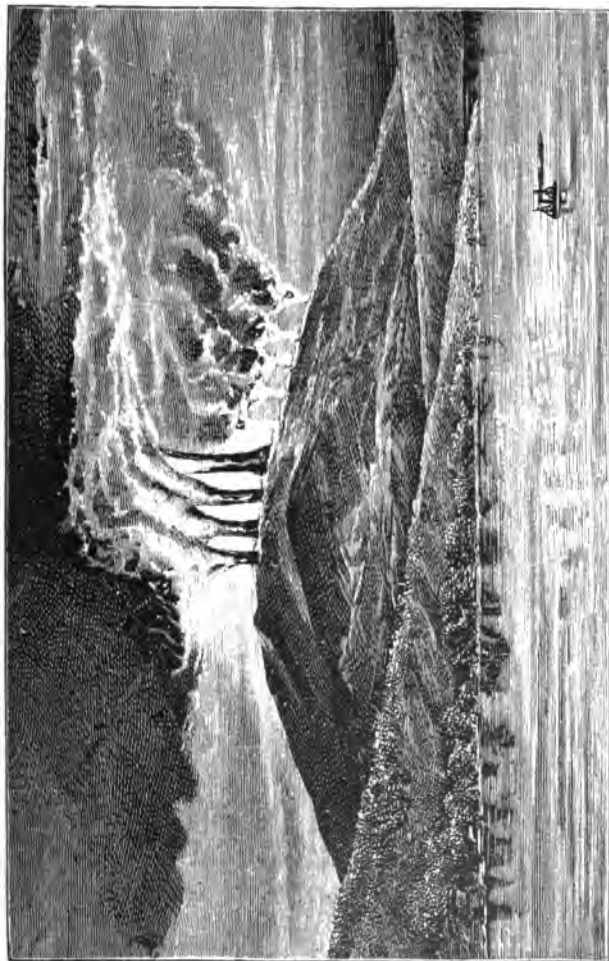
THE VOLCANO OF KILAUEA.

Just as the Sydney and the Melbourne people are fond of exchanging compliments and comments upon their *brick-fielders*, *burststers*, and such other characteristics, so are the Honolulu and Hilo people fond of similar exchanges regarding "the weather."

"Seventeen feet of rain a year at Hilo," the Honolulu man will say. "Rains there by the week, sometimes by the month! Carry nothing with you to Hilo but your rubber boots and rubber coats, unless, maybe, a boat with which to navigate the streets."

"Do you mean that?" the inexperienced traveler may ask.

"Mean that? Certainly! Why, the rain comes down there so, that often the fishes in the bay swim right up into the air, never knowing the difference between the waters of the bay, and the waters of the shower!"



VOLCANO OF MAUNA LOA

But weather, or no weather, much rain or little rain, you must not leave these islands without a look at the wonderful volcano of Kilauea.

It is as wonderful in its phenomena as were the geysers of New Zealand.

The people of Hilo, true to their watery climate, have quite a reputation for their skill in surf-bathing.

It is their delight to push out with their surf-boards some little distance from the shore, and allow the great waves to carry them back, and toss them high and dry upon the shore. It is wonderful how they can keep their hold upon their boards, or keep their hold on their life, as to that matter, when they get under the swell instead of above it, and are driven forward, under water, for whole minutes at a time.

But they are accomplished artists, and not unfrequently do they ride in over the waves, standing erect upon their boards, their arms extended, ready for a leap upon the sand.

Not far from Hilo is the volcano, at the top

of the mountain, and near the crater is the Volcano House, built there for the accommodation of visitors to the volcano.

You will be glad enough to stop at this house and rest; for volcano climbing in any country is no easy task; and here at Hilo it is especially tiresome, partly from the steepness of the roads, and partly from the slipping lava beds, over which one slides and slips.

But once at the top, you forget all the sorrows of the journey.

Such a crater as the volcano presents! It is a great pit from eight to fifteen hundred feet deep, and it is no less than three full miles across it. Down in this great basin are other little basins from which now and then streams of lava are thrown out, and jets of steam and smoke and fire burst forth.

The floor of the crater is very rough and uneven, and now and then, a spot is so hot, that you will care to stand upon it only a second or two.

The natives have a myth about this volcano.

They say it is guarded and controlled by the Goddess Pele, who is a very capricious deity, never of the same mind long at a time, and very fond of expressing her moods through the behavior of the volcano.

When the earth trembles and the fires burst forth, the natives will say, "Pele is angry again!" and when there follows a long period of rest from active explosion, they say again, "Pele sleeps."

But waking or sleeping, this volcano of Pele is a wonderful sight. Picking your way carefully across the crater, you come to the "Burning Lakes," as they are called.

These are two great lakes or cauldrons separated from each other by a ridge of hardened lava, filled with a burning, bubbling mass, and sending out the most suffocating clouds of smoke and sulphur fumes.

Over all is a lurid light, and on every side unbearable heat. You will hardly care to stand even upon the rim of the crater for very long at a

time; for the soles of your boots will scorch, your face will blister, and more than that, the rising fumes of sulphur from the seething, bubbling mass will strangle and suffocate you.

But it is a wonderful sight; the seething, boiling, bubbling mass of molten lava rolling and surging like ocean waves against the sides of the basin.

Now and then a great bubble in the centre will rise high in the air and burst. Sometimes the whole bed will rise as if lifted from beneath, then slowly settle again. Here and there, jets of fire will burst out, then die away in a black cloud of suffocating smoke.

This volcano of Kilauea is only a spur of the greater volcano Mauna Loa, which is estimated to be the greatest fire-mountain in the world.

Mauna Loa is not like Kilauea, constantly active; but when it does send forth its shower of lava, it quite makes up in fury, for all the years of quiet that have preceded the eruption.

At one eruption, it is estimated, though after all we can form little idea from figures, that it poured forth *thirty-eight billion* cubic feet of lava. This great molten stream, moving slowly down the mountain side to the sea, sent up, as it met the water, great clouds of steam, that obscured the light for a great distance in all directions.

The waters of the ocean were heated for *miles* from the shore, and millions of fish floated dead upon the surface.

Another famous volcano of this group of islands is Haleakala. It is now an extinct volcano; but in its time, it made a history for itself quite equal to that of any volcano in the world. It is twelve miles by carriage road to its summit, and it is a popular trip for tourists to the islands.

There is no house at the summit as there is at Kilauea; but all around the rim of the crater are caves and fissures made by bursting bubbles of ancient lava, which serve for shelter to those

tourists who come up to spend the night for the sake of the view of sunrise in the morning.

The basin of this crater is enormous. Ten miles across! and in this great floor are ten or twelve smaller cones, each with a crater, and each quite large enough to make itself a mountain top of no mean size.

Nowhere are there volcanoes more remarkable, or more interesting than these of the Sandwich Islands. Could they tell their history, speak of the ages past, before the islands were known to Europeans, their story might equal those of Vesuvius, or Mt. Etna.

But the islands have been known to white men for so short a time, that we can know but little of them; and what we do know can be gathered only from the very vague and confusing legends of the natives, who, having no written history, either of themselves or of their islands, can tell us very little that is of value to us, in our study of these volcanoes.

THE LEPER ISLAND.

One of the islands of this Hawaiian group is set aside wholly for persons afflicted with a disease called leprosy.

The island, originally called Molokai, has come to be spoken of, and known the world over as the Leper Island.

The leper settlement is upon a high plain, surrounded on three sides by a great wall of mountains almost impassable, while on the fourth is the sea-front. The few passable places in the mountain and the sea-front are as carefully sentineled to prevent the escape of the lepers as if they were criminals imprisoned for their crimes.

Does this seem cruel? Perhaps, but you must remember that the leprosy is a terrible disease, a most loathsome disease, and contagious; and so, although we may pity the leper, we must remember that the highest charity is to protect the people.


Then, too, all is done that can be done to make the lepers comfortable and happy; and after the sharp pain of separation from their homes and from their families is over, they are, in spite of their isolation, not altogether wretched.

Should you visit the island, you would find the people busy at work like the people of any community. They have their government, their churches, their stores, and are allowed all liberty except the liberty of leaving the settlement. This they must not do for the sake of the people.

Many of the lepers are truly heroic. Coming there, perhaps from happy homes, knowing that they are forever cut off from their friends and their families, they are as brave as such stricken human beings can be.

They accept their fate generously, nobly, knowing that it is for the sake of the very ones they love and from whom they must be shut away forever that they must remain on the leper island.

Now and then there are lepers less generous,



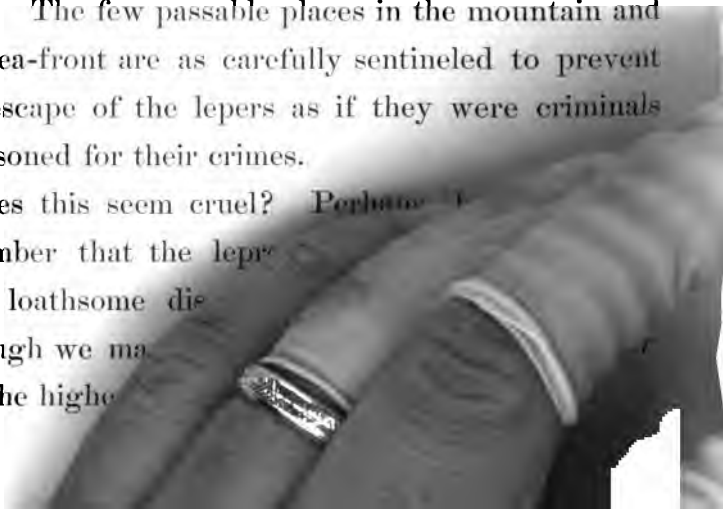
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Does this seem cruel? Perhaps it does. But remember that the leper is the most loathsome disease known to man, although we may not know it. That the higher



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All these *taboos* have penalties attached, all of them very severe, some of them even punishable by death.

But the Marquesans are for the most part so like the savages of other islands we have already visited, that we may as well leave them now and pass on to that group of islands not far away — the Society Islands.

Of these, the one most known and certainly the one most interesting is Tahiti. In the centre of this island, is a peak some seven thousand feet high; and from it, extending to the very waters, are ridges of high land, radiating from this central peak like spokes from the hub of a wheel. Certainly it is a most strangely constructed island.

More than this, the island is entirely surrounded by a coral reef, in which here and there is a break large enough to admit a vessel. Of course, Tahiti has, then, one great harbor entirely surrounding it (if you can call the enclosure a harbor), for the water inside the reef is as quiet and calm always, as a lake.

But there are sharks round about the reef, a great white shark, very dangerous, and a smaller shark, quite as dangerous, if encountered as he comes out from his den in the reef, in search of food.

These smaller sharks are hunted for food; as their flesh is considered very sweet and palatable by the natives. The method of catching these sharks is unique, to say the least. The fisherman dives, rope in hand, down into the water, into the very caverns in which the sharks dwell, slips the noose around the creature's tail (this of course when he finds the shark asleep!) and then rising quickly to the surface of the water, the diver and his companions haul the ugly creature up into the boat.

Such a capture is considered a great feat; the shark a great prize; the diver a great hero.

There is one island — Easter Island — in the Pacific, which may well be called "the mystery of the Pacific Ocean." It is a dreary little island, some thirty or forty miles around its coast, lying eastward of all the islands of this part of the ocean.



ANCIENT MONUMENTS, EASTER ISLAND.

It is stony and hilly, and has a most uninviting shore. There is a volcano in the southern part of the island, and the hills round about it seem to be of lava, poured out, no doubt, from this volcano centuries ago when it was active.

The natives of these island are the "laziest people in the world," so the sailors say. And it is little wonder, for the soil is so rich and fertile, and the yam and potatoes on which the inhabitants live, so easy to grow, that three days' work in planting will provide food for a whole year.

Then as they have no clothes to earn or to make, and as dwelling-houses are not yet the fashion, there is nothing in the world that the people *need* to do, and consequently they do nothing.

It is said that when the missionaries first went to the island they urged the people to make for themselves clothes and houses.

"O yes," said the natives. "They are very nice and we should like them very well; but we could not have them without much work. We do not like

work; therefore, we will not have them. The fruit ripens on the trees, the pigs fatten while we sleep. These are all we need; then why should we work?"

And, indeed, as they look at life, why should they?

But the Easter Island people were not always like these people of to-day. There was a time,—nobody now can tell when it was—but there was a time when a people lived upon this island, who built houses of stone, and sculptured great stone images out of the rocks and mountain sides.

The remains of these houses and statues are to be found to-day in some parts of the island. The houses are built in regular straight lines, with doors facing the sea. The walls of these houses are several feet thick, and on the inner side there are pictures of birds and strange animals painted with kinds of ink that have retained their color fairly well even through all these years.

In one of these houses was found a statue eight feet high carved from solid rock. On the cliffs are



VIEW IN EASTER ISLAND.

carved faces of men, and bodies of animals of strange shapes indeed. On very nearly every headland these great carvings are found.

Often there are great platforms and terraces of flat stones carefully fitted together without cement, upon which the great carved images must have stood. On one of these platforms were found no less than fifteen images varying in height from fifteen even to thirty-seven feet.

These figures represent heads and shoulders only; and upon the heads there are here and there upon the platforms, crowns made of a red material found only in the crater of a volcano some three miles away.

Some of these crowns, now fallen from the heads they once adorned, are ten feet around and represent in their carving an immense amount of labor.

Who these people were that did all this, is a mystery. The natives have no reliable traditions regarding them; they left no history and no



CARVED MONUMENTS IN EASTER ISLAND.

European nations have any light to throw upon the subject.

So the great images stand there, as stand the Sphinxes of Egypt and nobody can get from them one word of the great secret we should so like to hear.

Another group of islands farther to the west, and in the neighborhood of the Fijis, are the Samoan Islands. There is little to be said of these islands

that might not apply equally to many other of the islands of the sea.

The native people are fine looking, tall and erect; the islands abound in tropical foliage and fruit, and there are the usual European ports where white men are engaged in trade between the islands and the continents.

Missionaries have come to these islands, and there are schools and convents in which young native men and women are being educated into European ideas of civilization. The bread-fruit tree is largely cultivated here, and is an invaluable plant to the natives.

They have a strange disease here, called by the natives *Fe-fe*.

No one has discovered the cause of it, or can tell why it should be peculiar to these people of Samoa. In this disease, some one part of the body will grow and grow, until a most disproportionate size has been gained. There is no pain, no ill-health, only this increased size of some one member of the body.



A FALLEN MONUMENT IN EASTER ISLAND.

The natives are a peaceful class of people, and have no record of at any time having been a cannibal race. They are probably Malays, but when or how they came to the islands is not known.

Gradually, like the people of the other Pacific islands, they are becoming civilized — but it is quite time for us to close our volume of Pacific Island stories. There begins to be a dearth of startling and interesting descriptions.

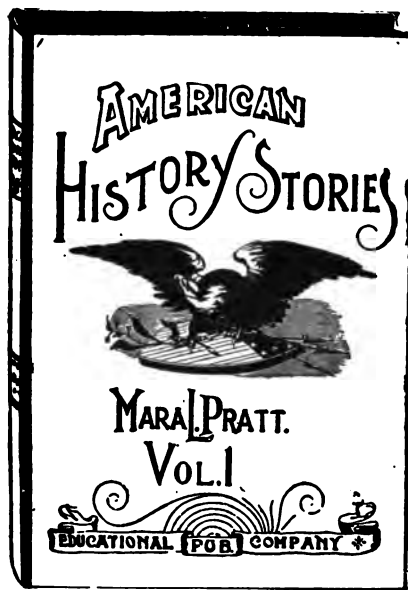
It must be we have said enough. Let us turn, then, to another country and to another people. Perhaps after so long a voyage from island to island you would like to rest once more upon a continent. Then let us sail back towards Australia — not so far south — in between Australia and Asia — do you see that peninsula extending down into the sea?

That is India; and a more wonderful country we could not find, were we to search the continents from pole to pole. Let us visit it, then — India — the very India you hear about in the old Missionary hymn:—

“ From Greenland’s icy mountains
From India’s coral strand.”

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